THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 15.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

Oddly and bright drawn in the day;
Gloomy and dense it stands away
For slowly now comes up the night,
His Sunshine's ardent labors done;
And low the Autumn sinks to rest
Where Winter shows his starry signs.

No more to saith the fervid beame
The beauty which he post dissolv'd;
No more descends the glorious ray,
The regency of the Summer fair,
The sky's deed blue is waxing pale,
The sun's inspiring fervors fail;
The starving beam he gives is chill
To things in the vale and on the hill:
And now with many a jealous fold,
Around the world he rolls his mantle cold,
Nor would on plain or height bestow
The soothing of his waning glow.

The flowers are gone, save those that still,
In the friends who cleave to us through ill,
Outlawe the bitter wind that blows,
And deck their cousin to its close.
The leaves that late were only stirred
By zephyr's breath, that only heard
The song-bird's note, round those the blast
Has now learn'd sterner, and rude and fast
The rising gale sings far and wide
To the scattered blooms and idle pride.
The birds have fled; the wind alone
Makes song to many a sullen tone.

But through the bursting sky
The sun again comes out on high,
The clouds fall back to yield him way,
And fill the heaven with day.
And gladness fills the breast again—
The glimpse of Summer's recurrence is!
Ah! sweet the hope, but like the smile
With which the dying woman tries
The mourning heart—the last sad ray
Love gives to linger our tears away.
The light is gone, the moments bloom
In rank, again in cold and gloom
So pass away all things of earth,
Whate'er may be their love worth—
The form once dear; the voice that cheered:
The friends by many a tie endeared;
The dreams the aching heart forgot;
The hopes that fade in cold regret.

Sweet scenes, dear haunts, that once I knew,
My heart yet fondly turns to you.
Let seasons change, and be ye bright
With all the luxuriance that's delight,
Or let the Winter's gloom be yours,
Your beauty for me still endures;
For memory keeps unfaded yet
What love would have me not forget.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XV.

DESPAIR.

The dew was beginning to fall. The crickets were chirping merrily, and the fire flies were glittering in the grass. The moon came up and lighted the world with her pure rays. And still Harry Delmont sat where Ada had left him. He did not wish to follow her. He had caused her too much sorrow already. He had placed this burden upon her when he might have saved her from it only by speaking sooner, and he would not make it heavier by forcing his presence upon her now. To go directly home he must pass the full length of the street. He shrank from doing this. He wished to see no familiar face to-night. One face would haunt him—that one was enough. He saw it now with the sorrow-stricken look upon it, with the large, dreamy eyes full of silent woe, and the sun-touched hair framing it in its golden, burnished aureole. Solitude was best suited to his mood, and he rose and walked down to the river. But when he reached it, the soft indolent murmur of the waters maddened him. They seemed to be saying, "Ada! Ada!" as if to taunt him with the wrong he had done her. The wind sighing through the leaves whispered her name, and all the other voices of the night echoed it. He could bear it no longer. He left the river, and taking a back street, followed it for some distance; then crossed into another, and another, reaching his home at last; that sorrow-stricken face going with him, close beside him, all the way.

And all this time Ada was in her own room. She had ascended the stairs with that same slow, weary step; had stopped at Judith's door for a moment to say that she was feeling badly, and would not go down stairs again if Mrs. Blake would see that her father was made comfortable for the night, and then had gone to her room. She lit no light, did not even undress; but threw herself on the bed, a half senseless weight, where she lay motionless, staring up at the ceiling with wide open eyes. The cold white moonbeams crept noiselessly into the room. The shadows formed themselves into vague, unreal shapes, which glided up to the bed, and pointed at her and whispered among themselves, then glided away to make room for others. They did not frighten her or cause her to move even from the ceiling. She lay there wondering how many years more she should have to live, and if all that people said about the sin of suicide was so. What harm could there be in taking one's own life, if the world was so dark and dreary that one wished to live no longer? She was hardly eighteen, and there was so more of pleasure in life for her. But then if she should live till she was forty, or even older? She would probably live longer than that, for when one is so strong, old age seems slow in coming, and nothing can kill her. Then the work of death she did not want to live so long. The future looked so blank, so dreary, so desolate. If Harry Delmont had not sought her in the garden, if he had never told her the story to which she listened with such painful emotions, she might have married Monsieur Victor and been happy, and wished to live always. But her confidence in Harry Delmont was restored. She knew he had told her nothing but the truth. She had been blind that she had not seen that he still loved her. The "gift within the lead" had been given her whole; and where she once loved with a young girl's tender, clinging affection, she now loved with a true woman's passionate, worshipful, devotion. But she was Monsieur Victor's promised wife, and she had been taught that honor and truth were everything; that without these a man or woman was no better than the beasts of the field. But would she be fulfilling her promise to Monsieur Victor, when her wheels sent now that the barrier was swept away, was reaching out for her first and only love? Then, on the other hand, how could she be so ungrateful? Monsieur loved her and Madame trusted her implicitly, and they had both been so kind to her. Could she have them think that she was weak and fickle, and knew not her own mind? And Madame so despised weakness in man or woman.

Lying there, with every nerve throbbing with anguish, staring up at the white ceiling, now gray with shadows, she could see Madame's patrician face plainly photographed thereon. It was lit up with a cool, ironic smile, and a delicate contempt looked out from the dark soft eyes. Gradually it faded away, and in its place came Monsieur's face with all its unmanish beauty; Monsieur's face full of cold, quiet scorn, the deep dark eyes saying as plain as words could have said: "And thee you repay us?" She could not bear that look, and covering her face with her hands she writhed in agony. "Only sightless," she moaned, "and life is so dark, so dark! Oh! Harry, my lost, lost love! why did you treat me thus?"

She had not drawn the curtains or closed the shutters of her window, and the moon crept very slowly from beneath a cloud threw a great white sheet of radiance into the room. It rested lovingly on the white drawn, agonized face, on the hot eyes that were seeming to press their tender down over the burning eyes. A sense of physical rest stole over her, and, but for the mental storm within, she might have slept. But she scarcely thought of sleep. Indeed, she felt that if she were in the very dwelling of Somnus she could not sleep. Neither could she lie there any longer. She rose to a sitting posture and leaned the elbow of one stain strike her. She was not surprised. Nothing surprised her now. It seemed as if she had lived years in those brief hours.—She lifted her hair back from her heavy head and went to the window. The night was still warm. The sky was overcast with fleecy clouds, and the air seemed hushed into silence. The roses under her window were heavy with dew and sent up a mild, sweet fragrance. The other lone the stillness of the night and the fragrance of the flowers would have soothed her. They gave her no pleasure now. She only sank down on the floor by the window, and, leaning her head against it, prayed that she might die. That prayer calmed her, even if it brought no hope. Hitherto she had not thought in a practical way. Her sensations could hardly have been called thought. They had been more like a wild flight of ideas chasing one another through her brain with rapidity so great as to give no floor for reflection. Now she could think, and think calmly.

An hour passed, and still another, yet she did not move. But in the early gray of the morning she got up, drew the curtains and lit the lamp. Opening a small writing-desk which sat on her toilet table, she took out writing materials and sat down, pen in hand. To form a determination is one thing, however, and to carry out that determination is another. Resolute as she really was she sat there now—not halting between two opinions, as the phrase goes—but utterly unable to carry out the one she had decided upon. So long she had had shrunk from giving pain to others, even the most humble. And this blow would be a hard one, for she knew that Monsieur Victor loved her. That better than one can that would last him through life," she thought, for she had already learned that men, as a general thing, get over these disappointments more quickly than women, and she felt intuitively that Monsieur Victor would not suffer for long. "Better to suffer for years, than to go through life with an unloving wife clogging his footsteps!" she said, grasping the pen with a firm hand. "And Madame? Well, she will thank me for it, if she sees things as I do." This thought nerved her for the task. She drew a sheet of the delicately scented paper toward her, and dated it. After this the task did not seem so hard. What she wrote ran thus:

"MONSIEUR VICTOR.—My Friend: Can you forgive me for what I am about to write? I hope you will try, for it cannot give you more pain than it gives me, and you can despise me no worse than I despise myself. I can never be your wife, for I have no love to give you. And I know now that I can never love you, and without loving you, I could never make you happy. Do not think too hardly of me, for I am very unhappy, and forgive your unfaithful Ada."

Then she drew Monsieur's ring from her finger, and without reading what she had written, folded it in the letter, and directed and sealed it. A daily paper was left every morning at the door. She knew the carrier well. A stout boy of fifteen, with a frank, open face, who was indebted to Ada for numerous generous pieces of cake and pie, given him when making his daily rounds. A little later she took off the dress she had been wearing and threw on a loose morning wrapper, and went softly down stairs. Opening the hall door very carefully, so as not to arouse her father, she went down into the garden. The flowers were still heavy with dew, and many of them had thus far defied the frosts. She gathered a large bouquet, and was slowly returning to the house with it, when she saw the person for whom she was watching. She hurried forward and reached his side just as he had laid down his paper and was turning away.

"Good morning, Timmy," she said. "Will you wait a moment?"

"Two or three of 'em, Miss Ada," answered Timmy promptly, doffing his hat.

"Will you take some for me, Timmy?"

"Won't I, though? *Try* me and see."

"I want you to post this letter for me, and if it goes in this morning's mail it must be in the office within the next half hour."

"I'se, sir," said Timmy, taking the letter and holding it reverently between his forefinger and thumb.

"And you will not forget? You will put it in the office immediately, will you?"

"Trust me for that. I'll do it or die, Miss Ada. Just make up your mind that it'll be in the office in just three minutes and a half."

"Thank you, Timmy; here is some small change for candy.

Timmy drew back resolutely.

"Just from you, Miss Ada," he said, looking a little hurt.

"But I am not offering to pay you, Timmy," she argued. "I am giving you this only to show that I am grateful."

"I don't need no such proof after knowin' you somewhere about forty years, more or less, answered Timmy decidedly.

"Well, come round to the kitchen, then, and I will see if I can find something there for you," replied Ada.

Timmy knew very well what this invitation meant, and followed without resistance. Ada left him, but soon returned with a quarter of a pie.

"Been sick, Miss Ada?" he asked, glancing up into her white face, as he took the pie from her hand.

"Oh, no, but papa has, you know."

"Then, you, I understand—tired out. Such obliged, Miss Ada," looking back over his shoulder as he turned to go. "Three minutes and a half, sure."

With a sort of dull, leaden despair, she watched him as he ran away down the street. The time for acute suffering with her was past. With such natures as her's there is a limit to mental suffering. With such natures as hers, when a certain point of agony is reached, the sensibilities of suffering become numbed, as it were, and the intense agony which has racked the brain for days, perhaps, is succeeded by a silent, hopeless despair. There was not even a ray of hope in the thought that she had freed herself from Monsieur Victor. She could not free her mind from the thought that she had done him a bitter wrong. She could not forget that she had been dazzled with his great beauty and accomplishments, and had engaged herself to him in an evil hour, and that, too, without loving him, she had promised to become his wife. This thought was humiliating in the extreme, and she could view this unconscious sacrifice of her womanhood with none other than feelings of supreme contempt. She felt that the act had been wholly unworthy of her. Why had she not told Monsieur Casino that she had no love for him, and that without love she could never marry him? Why had she been so weak, so volatile, as to be dazzled by his beauty and the oriental grandeur of his home? It had been a sin against God and her self-degrading thought!—and she had thought herself so strong, so infinitely above a marriag de convenance. What must her father think of her when he should knew all? Her mother! Ada's lip curled as she thought how gladly her mother would see her sacrifice herself on the altar of mammon.—She had no cause to fear, only as a breaking of engagement was concerned. With Mrs. Venner, love was at nothing when compared with wealth and position. She would lend her child tear her heart out, be it were, rather than give up the brilliant prospect before her.

Had Ada been reared under her mother's supervision, she would probably have been too thoroughly a woman of the world to suffer as she had done, or as she was now doing. After freeing herself from Monsieur Casino, she would have thought the matter admirably managed, and would have consoled herself with Harry Delmont. But now Ada had as much thoughts. She had been delicately nurtured, mentally and physically. It had been her father's aim—one very ambitious of his life—to make her a true woman, and he had been well repaid, for she was as entirely free from selfishness and deceit, or from any spirit of intrigue, as beautiful mortals ever are. But her conscience happiness she scarcely thought. Now that the first agony was over, she thought only of the wrong she had done Monsieur Casino, of the sacrifice of her own womanhood, of how pained the father must be when he should know how weak and foolish she had been. Yet there was one bright spot in her heart. Harry Delmont had never wavered in his affections for her. He had loved her through all—still loved her. And he had been so kind, so generous, in keeping from the world the fact that she was no longer his promised bride. How thoughtful of him! How noble! How great! How far above Monsieur Casino he now stood; and covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out the thought, how far above herself! She had made Monsieur Casino the only reparation in her power. She had acknowledged her fault, and had set him free; but she was too ashamed of her own conduct, too humiliated to even think of ever being more to Harry Delmont than she now was. He was so noble himself, that when he came to know her fault he could never forgive it. Last night, when the first sharp pain of her loss was upon her, she felt that he had deeply wronged her, by leaving her side when she needed him most, merely to satisfy an idle curiosity to study her character in the light of adversity. But since she had written to Monsieur, and had actually sent the letter, her own crime had grown so enormous in her own eyes, that she gradually lost sight of all that she had been wearing and threw on a loose morning wrapper, and went softly down stairs. Opening the hall door very carefully, so as not to arouse her father, she went down into the garden. The flowers were still heavy with dew, and many of them had thus far defied the frosts. She gathered a large bouquet, and was slowly returning to the house with it, when she saw the person for whom she was watching. She hurried forward and reached his side just as he had laid down his paper and was turning away.

"Good morning, Timmy," she said. "Will you wait a moment?"

"Two or three of 'em, Miss Ada," answered Timmy promptly, doffing his hat.

"Will you take some for me, Timmy?"

"Won't I, though? *Try* me and see."

"I want you to post this letter for me, and if it goes in this morning's mail it must be in the office within the next half hour."

"I'se, sir," said Timmy, taking the letter and holding it reverently between his forefinger and thumb.

"And you will not forget? You will put it in the office immediately, will you?"

"Trust me for that. I'll do it or die, Miss Ada. Just make up your mind that it'll be in the office in just three minutes and a half."

"Thank you, Timmy; here is some small change for candy.

Timmy drew back resolutely.

"Just from you, Miss Ada," he said, looking a little hurt.

"But I am not offering to pay you, Timmy," she argued. "I am giving you this only to show that I am grateful."

"I don't need no such proof after knowin' you somewhere about forty years, more or less, answered Timmy decidedly.

"Well, come round to the kitchen, then, and

One glance more and she closed the door, as carefully as she had opened it, and went up stairs. She was no less weary in body than in mind, and she lay down on her bed that night after another drifting through her tired brain. Would Monsieur Victor accept his freedom and give back hers? Would he despise or would he pity her? And how would he himself feel? What if this should wreck his life? What if this should drive him to desperation, and he turn to vice and wickedness and break his mother's heart? Then came the vague, half-indistinct thoughts, or idea rather, that Monsieur Victor was incapable of that pure loyal love, which when crossed sometimes drives men mad. The next moment she would start up out of the dim sleep, and, unstirred it whether Monsieur was capable of true and lasting love or not. What right had she to judge him, after having wronged him.

Presently she heard Mrs. Blake going down stairs. Judith was still very sick, but she had many friends of her own station in life and she had wanted for nothing. Ada did not go down, for she was by no means Mrs. Blake. She felt that for this morning she must lie where she was. She was still lying down when Mrs. Blake came up to call her to breakfast.

"I do not feel like eating this morning, Mrs. Blake," she said quietly. "I think I shall not go down stairs. I only want to lie here for a while and be perfectly quiet. When I feel the need of something to eat, I will come down."

Mrs. Blake went away, and soon returned. Mr. Venner had sent for Ada. He was afraid that she was taking the fever. She must come down and lie on the sofa till the doctor came to see Judith, and he should prescribe for her also.

Here was a dilemma. Ada had not thought of her father when she refused to go down. He must be kept perfectly free from anxiety or excitement during the fever. There was no attentive Dale and was as she was, she must go down. She tried to shake off the torturing apathy that oppressed her. She tried to appear bright and active and cheerful as she entered her father's presence; but the attempt was a pitiful failure. Her smile was an effort such as the sun sometimes makes to look through a heavy cloud—a long struggle for a moment, only to sink back as if exhausted by its own efforts. The white face and lustreless eye told their own tale of suffering. The step was slow and heavy, not unlike that of old age. Mr. Venner looked up in surprise. One look at a glance that Ada had been enduring great suffering, and, man-like, concluded that her suffering had been physical.

"Why did not you inform me that you were ill last night, my child?" he asked, trying to suppress all feelings of alarm, lest he should frighten her.

"I was not ill, papa, indeed "I am not!' she said, trying to smile again: "I need nothing but quiet."

"It is useless for you to try to think that you are not ill, Ada," he rejoined. "You are certainly taking the fever. Still I cannot account for you looking so badly. The first symptoms are very subtle. You are slightly dizzy and your head feels heavy, does it not?"

"No, no, papa; my head is perfectly clear. Believe me, I am as well as ever I was in my life."

Ada had never learned to prevaricate, otherwise she might have prepared a story for this emergency. As it was, she simply told the truth, notwithstanding her looks contradicted her words.

Mr. Venner was puzzled. He would as soon have thought of Ada melting into air before his very eyes as to think of her telling a falsehood. He had prevailed on her to lie down on the sofa, and he was sitting in an easy chair by her side, looking at her with intense anxiety depicted on his pale face.

"There is some disease preying on you," he said at length; "and how ever subtle it may be, it is evidently making great ravages on your health. Why, you do not look the same child that you were even yesterday. Have you no peculiar sensations? None different from those of a week ago?"

Ada started. If her father kept on questioning her, she must necessarily own the truth or stoop to falsehood. The first, on account of her father's weak state, she dared not do; the latter she would not. She looked up helplessly.

"I have no real pain," she said. "But I have a pressure here," laying her hand on her heart, "and I should like to be perfectly quiet—should like to be far away from all the world, where there would be neither sight nor sound to tell of life."

The first thing that suggested itself to Mr. Venner's mind was heart disease. But Ada was naturally free from all morbidness, and heart disease was not hereditary, so far as he knew, either in his wife's family or his own. So he decided it must be the fever, and when his breakfast was brought to him he tried to tempt her appetite with dainty tried bits, grieving inwardly at her altered looks, and wishing incessantly that the doctor would come. He was very much pleased when the doctor came, and when he looked in to say good morning, he sent him directly to Ada. She had risen to a sitting posture, and in the subdued light of the room her white, wan face looked to him more like a piece of sculptured marble than the happy smiling face he had seen only yesterday. He asked her several questions, all of which she answered promptly.

"You are not coming down with the fever, Miss Ada," he said decidedly, after a moment's pause. "Shall you be angry if I tell you that there is nothing the matter with you?"

"Not at all," she answered, smiling wearily. "I have told papa that there is nothing the matter with me, and that I was suffering no pain. I need nothing but rest."

"I agree with you that physically there is nothing the matter with you. There is evidently something wrong, however. Your eyes tell for her, all the love of which he was capable rushed over him in an overpowering, despairing flood. For a moment he hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Then he rose to his feet and looked about him with a gaze that certainly meant something. The first object that met his eye was an elegantly bound volume of poems, one of Ada's favorites, lying on the sofa, where he had left it the evening before. He sprang toward it as if it had been his primary cause of all his woe, and dashed it with an almost superhuman force against the wall. It fell to the floor a shattered mass of elegant binding, delicate gilt, and costly paper. The pearl and ivory paper-knife, a present from his mother, richly ornamented in gold. This followed the book, with no particular injury to the inkstand, however, the wall in this case being the greatest sufferer, it being in a manner disfigured with the purple fluid within. Turning round again to see what other things lay within reach of his vengeance, the soft mat his engaged eye. This being the only thing he could lay handily, he sensibly refrained from attacking it. He did the next best thing, however; he threw himself upon it, with his yet unbrushed head lying amongst the rich folds of the rolling foot-piece, groaning in the very abandon of tourism agony.

Do not smile at Monsieur Casino's peculiar way of venting his grief, dear reader, for different orders of minds have different ways of expressing mental agony, and as Monsieur Casino's mental nature was largely deficient in those finer feelings indispensable to noble natures, he naturally gave way to the brute instincts within him.

Lying there in his agony, he saw but one probable cure for his sorrow. He could take choice of two alternatives, either to hide away from the face of every living thing, like some wounded animal, or, like it, turn and rend the hand that had dealt the blow. Of the two alternatives he chose the latter. Springing suddenly from the sofa, a terrible glare lighting up the classic features and distorting slightly her beauty, his dark eyes literally shooting gleams of fire, he clenched his white hands and hissed out several times the word "Revenge!" With every ejaculation the demoniacal expression on his face increased. The face of Satan when he first sat brooding on the burning marl of Tartarus could not have been more terrible. The resolution for revenge once formed, Monsieur Casino became more calm. He paced the library floor back and forth with a somewhat unsteady step; but the frightful expression of his face gradually settled into a look of malignant cunning, which might well have terrified any who had ever crossed his path.

Madame Casino had not yet risen from the breakfast table. She knew her son's temperament, and wisely said nothing when he was leaving the room. She pushed back the plate of dainty food before her, and slowly read the letter through. A slight shade of disappointment swept over her face. Then she leaned her head on her hand, and murmured in her own beloved French:

"Perhaps it is better as it is. But oh, how she has filled my lonely old heart. I could not realize it till she had left me. And now all those sweet tendrils which she had twined so closely round me must be severed. Oh, my own child! my own child!" stretching out her arms as if to draw her idol back to her bosom) "how I have loved the child!"

The soft, dark eyes were full of anguish, the voice low and tremulous, quivering like the over-strained strings of an instrument when touched by a careless hand. But Madame had been accustomed for many years to crushing her own heart yearnings for the sake of others; and it seemed only meet that she should do so now. She passed her hand twice over her grief-stricken face, drew a long breath and the tempest was stilled. Only a calm was left.

"Ah, yes, it is better as it is," she mused. "She could never give Victor her whole heart. I saw it before I had known her an hour. His mom could never reach hers, and the higher nature would call to him in vain. Oh, my boy, mon enfant! I had hoped such great things of you, and how you have disappointed me!" Another spasm of pain crossed the grand, heroic face, but was quickly dispelled. "No, my boy is not worthy of Ada," she said, pronouncing the words slowly, as if trying to realize their full import. "She is not worthy of her. He could never make her happy. Poor child! It is well that she realized it before it was too late."

She forgot a moment with the dainty silver spoon in her cup then picked up the letter, read it over again, folded it, and put it in her pocket. A sense of great loneliness stole over her. Though she did not believe Ada she was disappointed. Though she was hardly aware of the fact, Madame Casino had harbored in her breast one fond hope—a hope that her boy would love for Ada, that Ada, by her purity of life, might develop some higher traits of character that would raise him so near Ada's level that she might in time give him love for love. That hope was crushed however, as all the brighter hopes of her life had been, and she sat among her elegant surroundings, gazing on the ashes of her disappointment, and wondering how she ever could have cherished such a hope.

More than an hour had passed when she rose from the table and went in search of her son. He was not in the library, neither was he in his own room. She went back to the library and sat down to wait for him. Looking around the room with a sad, half pre-occupied air, she started with surprise at the appearance of the wall and that of the book still lying on the carpet. Her motherly instincts whispered the truth, and she looked sadly about her for other evidences of her son's visit to the library. Happily there were none. Then she went to get a book with which to while away the time till her son's return. On a table which stood near the book case lay a letter directed to herself, and placed where she, on entering the room, would be most likely to see it. She opened it hastily and read:

"MY DEAR MOTHER: Being suddenly called away on business for a few days, and having not a moment to lose in explanation, lest I be too late for an immediate conveyance, I take this means of informing you of my departure. Au revoir, and love to you.

"VICTOR."

At first Madame Casino gazed on the letter in blank astonishment. But a light dawned suddenly upon her brain. A deadly fear seized her. There was nothing definite in this fear. It was only the dread of some great evil, of which her son would be the instigator, and by which Ada Venner must suffer. For several minutes she sat with her elbows on the table, her hands pressed heavily against her head, as if time to aid her thought. Then she arose, went out writing materials and quickly tossed them

CHAPTER XVII.

HEART TRAGEDY.

In one of the private rooms of one of the most popular hotels of Albany sat Monsieur Casino. Before him stood a table on which was a banquet fit for a king. Monsieur Casino was by no means hungry, but he did ample justice lessly with the fragments on his plate. His attire was faultless. His extraordinary beauty never showed to better advantage than that which he wore on this occasion. The sunlight in his eye, and a slight compression of the lips, which no one unacquainted with him would ever have noticed, his countenance was free of all care. This calmness, however, was on the surface only. Inwardly there was a raging tempest, a tempest of love and jealousy and hate, each striving for the mastery, and over all these, at times, seeming to hang the better impulses and controlling them almost at will, was an insatiable desire for revenge. Ada had brought a humiliation upon him that he could not forgive. She must be punished, and punished she should be. She had given an almost fatal blow to his vanity! He had cared nothing for her poverty, but with that poverty an undeniable fact, her beauty and accomplishments would have had pronounced too far. She had trampled his wealth, his beauty, his eloquence, and his love under her feet, and had cast her plighted troth back in his face. She had made him an object of ridicule for his New York friends. And, worst of all, he loved her, and had tried so hard to win her! If he could not have her love however, he would have that which is understood was the next desirable thing—revenge! His hardsome face darkened as he hissed this last word through his closed teeth.

"Yes, I will have revenge. I have a very popular name, and it is about time for me to play the game which it represents. What's the use of having a name without the game. I have sincerely regretted that her name had not ended with an "I" instead of an "a." In that case I might claim relationship with the eminent Jean Dominique Casini, and thus heighten my own popularity. Mine, however, is a very popular name in its way, and I shall endeavor to profit by it as it stands. The celebrated Jean made his fame by star gazing, I shall make mine as an architect, architect of my own fortune and future, and the first move toward progress shall be a quiet game of casino with Miss Venner. Ha! ha! Why should not one have the game as well as the name? This will not be our first game, as Miss Venner well knows. Hitherto I have basked happily in the sunshine of her smiles, merely holding my cards and allowing myself

as he bent it, for the pleasure of being near her. Miss Venner has dealt the cards for this last game by discarding me. In the future she shall find in me an antagonist worthy her best efforts. By coming to Albany I have won the first point in the game, and I hold the cards for two more very important ones. Those cards are Madame DeVere's soiree and our lunch at Delmonico's. Ha! ha! I wonder what Miss Venner will think when I show her this hand?"

The expression of his face was literally fiendish. It lasted but a moment, however, then all was calm again. He rose from the table and settled his collar at the glass, rang the bell for a servant to clear away the luncheon, and taking his hat, strolled down stairs, handsome, insouciant and apparently well pleased with the world and himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOLK LORE OF HARES.

In some parts of England it is reckoned unlucky should a hare cross the path, and if one should chance to run along a frequented path or a street, it is certain that a house hard by will ere long be burned. Pliny says the flesh of a hare causes sleep, and that those who eat it look fair, lovely, and gracious for a week afterward. Linnæus asserts that a cloth made of a hare's fur preserves the wearer from fleas; while Buffon, with amazing credulity, says it is the only animal which has hair in its mouth. The extravagant gambols of hares in Spring, which have led to the proverb, "As mad as a March hare," probably caused the old Saxons to represent their goddess of love as attended by hares, two acting as her train bearers, while others precede her with lights. It is not in England merely that the hare is connected in the popular mind with Spring. At Easter, in Suabia and Hesse, a nest is made of moss, a hare set upon it, and the children are sent to look in it for the eggs that the hare has laid. On the Saxon mountains, too, it is said that the Easter hare brings the Easter eggs. Russian folk-lore also has a curious story bringing together eggs and hares, which it seems difficult to connect even in fancy on any reasonable principle. A many-headed snake, called Koshchei, is asked, "Whereabouts is your death, O Koshchei?" much as Delilah tried to inveigle from Samson the secret of his strength. The hydra replied, "My death is in such and such a place. There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death." A certain Prince Joan, who is wandering in search of adventures, discovers the egg, breaks it, and at once kills Koshchei the Deathless.

But the chief celebrity of the hare in folk-lore undoubtedly consists in its connection with witchcraft, especially the black-art as believed in Scotland. Giraldus Cambrensis attributes the belief that certain old crones could turn themselves into hares, and in that shape suck cows, to the Celtic race, the natives of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. Even so late as twenty-five years ago it was put on record that a "Scotch witch had been seen a hundred times milking the cows in the shape of a hare." Reginald Scott informs us what animals are most grateful to the powers of darkness, and naturally our quarry is among them. "Right grave authors report that spirits most often and specially take the shape of women, appearing to monks, etc., and of beasts, dogs, swine, horses, goats, cats, hares, of fowls, as crows, night owls and skreech owles, but they delight most in the likeness of snakes and dragons." Grose is doubtful whether it is for the sake of air and exercise or to vex the squire, justice and parson of the village wherein they reside, that witches often transform themselves into hares, and lead hounds and huntsmen a long and fruitless chase.

A Scotch hag named Isobel Gowdie, one of the celebrated Auldearn witches, confessed that at Lammas, 1659, she had attended a Witches' Sabbath, when they rambled through the country in the shape of cats, hares, and the like. Such changes, she declared, were very common among her uncanny sisterhood; crows, she said, were birds which they especially affected. She herself had a narrow escape once under the form of a hare. She had been sent, she averred, by the devil to Auldearn in that disguise with some message, but had the misfortune to meet Peter Papley of Killhill's servants going to labor, having his hounds with him. The dogs sprang on the disguised witch, "and I," says Isobel, "ran a very long time, but being hard pressed, was forced to take to my own house, the door being open, and there took refuge behind a chest." But the hounds, rushing in, took the other side of the chest, so that Isobel only escaped by getting into another house, where she found time to say the disenchanting rhyme:

Hare! hare! God send thee care,
I am in a hare's likeness now,
But I shall be a woman even now—
Hare! hare! God send thee care.

The Ettrick Shepherd relates one or two capital stories of these freaks of the witches. A number of gentlemen were one day met for a coursing match on the lands of Kirkhope, in the Yarrow Valley. They had numerous and keen greyhounds, but could not find a hare. At last a boy came up who offered to start a hare for them if they would give him a guinea and suffer him to hold the black greyhound. The demand was singular, but no other conditions would satisfy him. So the price was paid, and the hare was at once found, and gave excellent sport. The greyhounds began to give up one by one, so long did the "maukin" run, when one of the party came slyly behind the boy, and cut the leash which held the black dog. Away it flew to join the chase. The boy, losing his presence of mind, ran bawling with great anxiety, "Hey, mither, rin! Hey, rin, ye auld witch, if ever ye rin i' yer life! Rin, mither, rin!" Meanwhile the black dog came fast up to his quarry, and was beginning to 'mouth' her, when she sprang in at the window of a little cottage and escaped. The riders soon came to the place, and entered the cot in search of their hare, but nothing was found save an old woman lying panting in a bed, so breathless that she could not speak a word.

The celebrated Michael Scott, of Oakwood, was himself sorely victimized in this fashion, and that by one of his own tenants. This old lady (known as Lucky) was reputed to be the most notable witch of her time. Indeed, so marvellous were her powers that the country people began to compare them invidiously with those of the master, and it was averred that in some "cantrips" she could surpass him. Michael could ill brook such insinuations, so he went over one day with his dogs on pretense of hunting, but in reality with an intent to exercise some of his infernal skill in order to chastise Lucky. He found her alone in the field weeding lint, and desired her in a friendly manner to show him a sample of her powerful art. She angrily denied that she possessed any supernatural knowledge. He, however, continuing to press her, she bade him with some warmth leave her alone, or she would make him repent the day on which he troubled her. How she perceived the virtue of the master's wand is unknown, but in a moment she snatched it from his hand and gave him three lashes with it. Michael was immediately changed to a hare, when the malicious and inveterate hag cried out laughing, "Shu, Michael, rin or dee," and baited all his own dogs at him. He was extremely hard pushed, and was obliged to swim the river and take shelter in the sewer of his own castle from the fury of his pursuers, where he found leisure to disenchant himself and once more appear as a man.

The same superstition is found in Ireland. A gentleman was shooting there, and time after time failed to hit a particular hare, which was always to be found in the same "form." "Faith, Sir, and I am not surprised at it," at length quoth the gamekeeper; "she's a witch-hare, and sorra a mither's son could hit her without a crooked sixpence in his gun." Unfortunately the sportsman did not try the receipt. Montaigne relates an anecdote of a young Turkish lord who had performed a notable exploit in war before Amurath, and was asked by him who at his early years had thus inspired him with such distinguished courage. His answer and the essayist's reflections on it are curiously applicable to our subject. "My teacher in valor," said the Turk, "was a hare. Being one day a-hunting, I found a hare sitting. At her I let fly my arrows, and shot forty that I had in my quiver, not only without hurting, but without starting her from her form. At last I slipped my dogs at her, but to no more purpose than I had shot, by which I understood that she had been secured by her destiny, and that neither darts nor hounds can wound without the permission of fate, which we can neither hasten nor put back." This story may serve, by-the-way, (says Montaigne), to let us see how flexible our reason is to all sorts of images.

A VILLANELLE.

Wouldst thou not be content to die
When low-hung fruit is hardly clinging,
And golden Autumn passes by?

If we could vanish, thou and I,
While the last woodland bird is singing,
Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Deep drifts of leaves in the forest lie,
Red vintage that the frost is flinging,
And golden Autumn passes by.

Beneath this delicate rose-gray sky,
While sunset bells are faintly ringing,
Wouldst thou not be content to die?

For wintry webs of mist on high
Out of the muffled earth are springing,
And golden Autumn passes by.

O now when pleasures fade and fly,
And Hope her southward flight is winging,
Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Lest Winter come, with wailing cry,
His cruel icy bondage bringing,
When golden Autumn hath passed by.

And thou, with many a tear and sigh,
While life her wasted hands is wringing,
Shalt pray in vain for leave to die
When golden Autumn hath passed by.

Lillian D'Arcy's Prize.

George Bentinck was a merchant prince, a man whose connections extended almost all over the world of commerce. His ships ploughed every sea, and his correspondents were to be found in every important commercial emporium. In addition to this he owned extensive estates in several parts of England.

His wealth had induced him to bring up his only son as a future country gentleman. The merchant himself only waited a convenient opportunity of retiring from the firm and realizing his vast resources.

Gerald was a young man of three and twenty. After a brilliant career at college, he had started on the continent with a few friends, and was now shortly expected home.

Mr. Bentinck smiled with pardonable pride when his son wrote and spoke of the society in which he was mixed. He would give the letters to his niece, Eva, to read out, which she did with a very great amount of interest.

She was a charming girl, fair and gentle, with a true and loving soul, such as we often find in English maidens.

When Gerald went away she was a school girl, but, young as she was, in a secret corner of her heart she enshrined the handsome young collegian, as girls often will, if not wisely, at least too well. Now she was nearly nineteen, and though petite and slight in stature, a perfect woman.

"I expect he will be here to-morrow," said the merchant, one morning. "He is only stopping in Paris just to see some opera, and will start by the morning mail. We will have dinner at eight instead of seven."

Eva, who was the entire mistress of the merchant's home and heart, agreed to give all the necessary directions, after which she gave herself up, for a while, to her day-dreams, which were not exactly unpleasant. But, whatever they may have been, she kept them to herself—not even her chaperon and companion, Mrs. Turner, was made a confidante.

After luncheon, Eva suggested a drive, for the purpose of shopping and making a few calls—amongst others, upon her dearest friend, Lillian D'Arcy, her former schoolfellow. This young lady was the daughter of a Dowager Lady D'Arcy, the widow of a spendthrift baronet, who had died, leaving her nothing but her dowry, which, though moderately good, was not equal to their desires.

Miss D'Arcy had nothing to depend on but a rich marriage, and this her mother was trying by every means to promote.

The merchant, who had no ill-will in these matters save Eva's, invited her to all their little evening parties and dances, which were attended by a select few high in commercial circles. The merchant intended to give no great entertainments until his son returned.

Lillian D'Arcy was a tall, handsome, queenlike looking woman, with noble features, and eyes whose brilliancy and surpassing eloquence were of her chief attractions. But those who remembered her mother at the same age said she exactly resembled her, and doubtless, when forty, would also do so. The mother, though a fine woman, was hard and cold, and round the mouth of Lillian sometimes played an expression which might have daunted a lover.

Mrs. Turner began a conversation with Lady D'Arcy, while Miss D'Arcy drew Eva into the music room.

"How bright you look!" said Lillian, coolly. "There is something more than cosmetics to account for that bright color and that happy smile."

Eva blushed deeply, and answered in a way that said nothing.

"You know I never use cosmetics," she replied.

"You are fortunate," retorted Lillian, with a slight movement of her lips; "some persons are not lucky. Then I presume Gerald Bentinck has returned."

"He is coming," was her blushing answer.

"I am sure of it," laughed Lillian. "And so at last I am to see this paragon."

"He's a very excellent young man, agreeable and good looking, but does not at all set up for a Crichton," said Eva, a little testily.

She did not like her hero made a joke of. As Lillian knew this she forebore to make any other remarks. If there was one thing she wished more than another it was to have the confidence and friendship of Eva Lorraine.

The subject was changed, and the girls, as was their wont, went to the piano, where soon their rich voices were heard in unison.

It was seven o'clock next evening when Gerald Bentinck arrived. His foreign tour had decidedly improved him, though his father, with something of the citizen about him, thought he had too much mustache and beard.

But Eva was struck dumb with admiration. To her he was simply resplendent, and, though she concealed all outward manifestations, the feelings of the warm-hearted schoolgirl were now those of the bright little woman.

"And this is Eva?" he said, taking both her hands in his. "What a handsome girl she has become, to be sure."

Eva blushed to her very ears, but did not resist the cousinly kiss which Gerald, in his grand off-hand way, gave her.

The merchant looked on with a pleased glance. He believed that the dearest wish of his heart would be realized. As, however, there was no hurry, and he had no desire to precipitate matters, he was careful to make no allusion to the matter by word or sign.

Mr. Bentinck sent out cards for a grand dinner party a few days after Gerald's return, and amongst those invited, as a matter of course, were Lady D'Arcy and Lillian.

Eva was indeed beautiful as she stood in her uncle's dining-room to receive her uncle's guests. Gerald, who was standing near the mantlepiece in faultless evening dress, could not take his eyes off her.

"She is a dear darling," he said, "and as soon as we get down in Berkshire, a somebody else will be snapping her up. She's just the kind of wife for me."

And stepping up to her side, he whispered some words in her ear, which made her little heart almost stand still, so tender were the tones of a mere ordinary compliment.

At this moment Lady D'Arcy and her daughter were announced, and both came rapidly to the spot where stood Mr. Bentinck and Eva.

Lillian looked gorgeously beautiful. She was at her best, and not a faint glimpse of her secret nature was displayed.

"Lady D'Arcy, Miss D'Arcy," said the father, proudly, "this is my son."

Lillian at once assailed him with the battery of her eyes, and Gerald was at once aroused to intense admiration. There was a glamour about the girl which many had felt before; but they had been ineligibles.

Eva looked at Lillian as if to note her opinion of her cousin, but the girl was too prepared for everything, too used to command her countenance, to allow any of her emotions to be seen.

Several other guests arrived, and as it happened, one was the son of a very old friend, a rich city baronet, and wishing to do him honor, he was asked to take Eva in to dinner.

Lady D'Arcy thus fell to the merchant, and Lillian to his son.

Gerald was delighted. He himself had seen much of the world, and had hitherto considered himself a pretty good talker. But Miss D'Arcy he declared in his own mind, to be the most brilliant conversationalist he had ever met. They had been over the same ground in Italy, Germany and France, while she had all the art jargon at her finger's ends, which sometimes conceals very shallow minds.

Several persons present noticed it, and not least of all Lady D'Arcy, whose heart bounded with joy, for if he should be won, Lillian would carry off the prize of the season.

Eva was too much engaged with her cavalier to pay very marked attention to Gerald and Lillian; but she saw enough to make her a little uneasy.

Dinner was at last over, and the ladies retired to pass away the interval which must elapse ere the gentlemen left their wine.

Eva, though in her heart of hearts rather piqued, approached Lillian with her usual suavity and kindness, and asked if they should have some music.

Lillian was by no means averse to displaying her really magnificent voice; but she would rather have waited until the gentlemen were present.

Still, she could not very well refuse, and the two as usual, sat down to a duet which they were fond of singing together.

It was really a beautiful performance, and listened to enthusiastically, even by the old ladies. But not by them alone. Gerald, making some excuse about Continental habits, and not caring for more wine, had come in, accompanied by young Kendal.

As the duet concluded, both were loud in their applause, and took the ladies to their seats; but it was Lillian who was escorted by Gerald, while Eva had to put up with Mr. Charles Kendal.

But she made herself very agreeable to him, so that the young man, who had long admired her in secret, began to have very serious ideas of proposing.

But then, he was one of the invited guests at the merchant's seat in Berkshire, where the family were going to spend the next few months, and it would be so much nicer to propose under the greenwood tree than in a close drawing or ball-room.

The whole evening, almost, Gerald remained the willing slave of Lillian, and when they went down to their hired fly, he asked permission to call and inquire as to her health.

Miss D'Arcy at once acquiesced. She began to believe she had secured her victim.

Eva that night, casting aside all her finery, wept bitterly. She could not restrain herself.

"How I hate myself!" she said passionately. "He is not worth thinking about. Five minutes before Miss D'Arcy arrived, his looks were all for me. But, there, it is past. They shall never know the agonies I have endured. In future we shall be cousins merely, and she shall be still my friend. I daresay it will be settled while we are down in Berkshire—then I can go to Aunt Pollard, in Scotland, for a short time."

And she went to bed, but not to sleep.

"What a superb creature," cried Gerald, walking about his room, smoking a cigar after the party was over. "I never came across her equal—so clever, refined, and modest. I feel that to live without her in this world is impossible. And I, who laugh at sudden passions, in love at first sight! But," he added uneasily, "what about Eva? A few hours ago I had made up my mind to—well, well, it's fortunate I did not propose. Well, I hope, after all, she don't care for me," and with a deep sigh, he, too, went to bed, and, in strong contrast to Eva, slept soundly enough.

Contrary to his usual custom, next day, Gerald did not say where he was going. He simply went out, returning rather late, but still in time for dinner, so that his father knew nothing of his absence.

Next day he dined at his club, which, as he had so many friends, was not surprising; but he did not come until after the others had retired to rest. He had been to the opera with Lady D'Arcy and her daughter, and escorted them home.

Next evening, on a hint from his father, he went to the same house with them. Mrs. Bentinck had secured a box, and Eva, who was passionately fond of music, was delighted, especially as Gerald was very attentive. Presently, however, she saw him start and use his opera glass; she did the same, and made out the Lady D'Arcy and Lillian in the private box of an old general, who always liked to have a handsome girl with him when he visited the opera.

Gerald said nothing; but presently, rising, sauntered out of the box, and was soon visible in that of the old general, seated behind Lillian, and speaking over her shoulder.

"I'm sorry," said the merchant, thoughtfully, "we have asked Lady D'Arcy into Berkshire."

"Why, uncle?" cried Eva, innocently.

"I don't like this attention Gerald is paying her. Lillian is all very well as an acquaintance, but she shall never be my daughter-in-law."

Eva made no reply. The curtain rose, and when an opportunity occurred, Gerald, who was the pink of politeness, came back to the box.

Things went on very much in the same way, until the time came to start for Berkshire. The merchant kept up his hospitality in fine old English style.

Everybody soon began to notice how assiduous the only son of the master of the house was to Lillian D'Arcy, as also a middle aged baronet of good means, who had buried two wives and had a family of unruly children, managed by a governess. He was rich, but nothing compared to what Gerald would be.

Still, Lillian allowed him to pay her considerable attention, which, he being on the borders of fifty, Gerald only laughed at.

One day Gerald was walking in the garden with Lillian, for whom he had picked a bouquet. Suddenly she moved across one of the paths.

"Come this way, Mr. Bentinck. Here comes Sir James Fordyce, my bete noire!" she cried.

"Why?" asked Gerald, eagerly, obeying her summons.

"He is pestering me to be his wife," was her reply.

"Indeed!" cried Gerald, with flashing eyes. "He has had two already, and has got seven children."

"Very awful," said Lillian, with a deep sigh; "but what is an utterly penniless girl like myself to do? I am not mercenary, but at my poor mother's death I should starve."

"My dear Miss D'Arcy," replied Gerald, in low, earnest, impassioned voice. "Surely you must be aware of my sentiments. I have earnestly loved you ever since I saw you, and only a sense of my own unworthiness——"

"Unworthiness?" she gasped.

"Yes. What man is worthy of such peerless beauty, such entrancing loveliness. If I thought there was the slightest hope, I would lay my love, my fortune and myself at your feet."

He caught her unresisting hand—how wildly and triumphantly her heart did beat—and went on.

"I love you. My father is a noble parent. I am his only child," he continued. "If you will only give me hope, I will this very night obtain his consent."

She trembled violently, from what feelings was best known to himself.

"Speak, darling!" he cried. "Will you be mine?"

"I will!" was all she could say, and fainted.

But only for a moment, for, hearing the footsteps of Sir James Fordyce approaching, she roused herself, and entering a copse, enjoyed for some time the luxury of her lover's praises and caresses.

At dinner, Lillian was peculiarly simple in her dress, but there was something in her look which roused some strange suspicions in Eva's mind, and she watched her keenly. Still, her mind was made up, and she would do nothing to stand in the way of his happiness. After dinner, it being Liberty Hall, all adjourned to various amusements.

Gerald, however, sent a servant to ask where his father was.

Alone in the library, writing letters.

"Now, my own darling," said Gerald, "I will go and speak to him. I shall not be long. Wait for me here."

Mr. Bentinck was in his library. He had been writing letters and answering telegrams. He was seated at a table with all the paraphernalia of work before him. His cheque-book, which he had been using freely, was before him.

"Well," said the merchant, pointing to that important document, "what is it? Anything in that way?"

"Very likely that may follow," his son answered, with a rather forced laugh. "The fact is, I have been thinking that for my own sake, and as your only son, I ought to think of getting married."

"I am glad to hear it," cried his father, heartily. "Still, is it not rather sudden?"

"No! You know the lady very well," said his son.

"Do I, indeed;" the father exclaimed, a ray of hope in his heart.

"You are aware that, though poor for their position, Lady D'Arcy and her lovely daughter occupy an excellent rank in society," he began.

"What have they to do with the matter?" asked the father, in a cold tone. "Be seated, I beg."

"The lady of my choice is Lillian!"

"Indeed, sir," said the merchant, very coldly; "and on what income do you intend to keep this beautiful pauper?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Gerald.

"Yes! I ask," continued the father more loudly than appeared necessary, "I repeat, on what do you intend keeping this beautiful pauper? No money of mine."

"Am I not at liberty to choose a wife?" said Gerald, hotly.

"Certainly; but not to keep one I disapprove of on my money. Marry with my consent, and you are my universal legatee; marry a girl I only have tolerated for Eva's sake, and you are disinherited. She is an adventuress, like her mother before her, and shall have no money of mine. I shall, if you persist, make a fresh will, leaving everything to Eva and any husband she may select. This is my last word," he said, emphatically.

"I am engaged to Lillian," cried Gerald.

"You have heard my decision. You have your mother's jointure—a thousand or two a year. You cannot starve," continued the merchant. "So decide!"

"I love Lillian, and will marry her on my mother's jointure," he said, doggedly.

With which he went out in search of Lillian, in a tempestuous whirlwind of passion.

George Bentinck actually chuckled.

Gerald hunted high and low, but, for some time, he could not find Lillian. She was not in his music room. At last he bethought himself of the billiard room, and, rushing there, found Sir James Fordyce and Lillian playing very merrily.

He was looking very much delighted; she was rather grave and pale. Gerald, very much puzzled, looked from one to the other, but as the game was going on he did not interfere.

Presently the game ended, as the bell rang for the old fashioned supper. Fordyce offered his arm to Lillian, which she took.

"Congratulate me," said the middle-aged baronet, chuckling.

Gerald fell back as if stunned.

"One moment," observed Lillian. "I have just one word to say to Mr. Gerald, who, as you are aware, honored me by an offer also this evening. Gerald," she added, in a husky whisper, "I know all that passed between you and your father. I cannot marry a poor man."

With which she hurried away, leaving him spell-bound and stunned.

As the forms of the two disappeared, Gerald fell down in a kind of fit. Shortly after he was found and carried to bed, insensible. Doctors were sent for, brain fever was declared to have attacked him, and universal commotion prevailed.

Sir James Fordyce, Lady D'Arcy and Lillian departed next morning—all the guests during the day. Charles Kendal was the last, after being kindly and gently refused by Eva.

When the doctor told the anxious father that his son was out of danger, and would be nearly well in a week, the inhuman old monster actually chuckled.

When he spoke so harshly to his son, he had seen Lillian peering from behind a screen which concealed a passage from the music-room to the library. She was waiting for the verdict.

As Gerald got better he never asked after Lillian. His father contrived to tell him how that she was formally affianced to Sir James Fordyce. The nursing did the rest.

Of course it was Eva that acted this feminine part, and acted it so well, that before his final convalescence they were engaged, and Lillian D'Arcy lost her prize, who found that in the love of Eva he was fully compensated for what he thought he had lost, and he grew himself to feel for her a deep and abiding affection, which Lillian could never have inspired.

Old Post Office Mysteries.

A story that reads like a medieval romance comes from New York. In refitting the old post office building, the carpenters have discovered that the upper floors are double, and so arranged that detectives can watch the operations of those in the different rooms, who suppose themselves to be alone. The whole building was furnished with secret passages, sliding pannels, hidden trap-doors and mysterious chambers, of whose existence the post office officials had no knowledge, with the exception of the postmaster and his assistant. When the workmen had removed the flooring it was seen that the concealed space was from four to four and one-half feet deep, affording ample room for men to move about. Passages led entirely around the building. At very short intervals were found small circular holes in which were inverted lenses. Through these a view of the room below was obtained. Back of and above these lenses were reflectors which brought before the eyes of the observer the utmost recesses of the post office. If a detective saw any stealing or any improper action committed by a clerk or by a person not employed in the office, the speaking tube by his side conveyed a warning at once to the attic room, and the guilty person was met at the door, or tapped on the shoulder in the interior of the office by another detective. The aperture through which the detective overlooks the rooms in most cases are so small as to be hardly visible from the apartments below. Some of them, however, look boldly down from the casement, but the planks in which they are seen were obtained from very old timber; the holes would readily be taken for knot-holes. The maxim of the postmaster was, "The detectives and assistants watch the employes and people, the postmaster keeps an eye on the detectives and assistants, and the Lord will watch the postmaster."

The Burnt Letter.

It was a gossiping neighbor who had been spending an hour with Mrs. Webb, and just before she went she had let fly the arrow she had kept in her quiver.

"Your son Grantley goes over the hill to the Burdock's pretty often, Mrs. Webb," said she.

"I don't know it if he does," replied the old lady.

"Naturally he wouldn't tell you until the last, after old Burdock's quarrel with his dead father," said the neighbor—"but everybody else knows. It's said to be a settled thing. Why, Keziah saw him kiss her at the gate one Sunday night, and even Ann Burdock would hardly go so far as that unless it was so, eh? Well, good-bye."

She hurried off, leaving her hostess dumb and motionless at the door.

It was some moments before she even thought of going in and casting herself into her chair, but she did it at last, and fell to talking to herself in this wise:—

"Oh, it's worse than anything that ever happened to me. I've had trouble, heaven knows, but it was the kind I had to bear if God sent it, but this doesn't seem right. My Grantley to marry Steven Burdock's daughter, the child of the very worst enemy his father ever had, a girl brought up by a woman I despise! Sarah Burdock never had the ways I liked, nor did the things I thought right for a woman to do. Everything is so different with the Burdocks, so strange. Like ought to marry like, or there'll never be a happy home. But that's the way with men; a pretty face strikes them and away they go, and Grantley is like the rest. Why should he choose Sarah Burdock's daughter?"

She rocked to and fro as she spoke, letting her neglected knitting drop into her lap.

"There's Fanny White," she murmured, "a nice, thrifty girl; and Minnie Holm. Why, her mother is the best friend I have. There are plenty of girls I could have made up my mind to; though I don't know why Grantley should marry anyone yet. But Ann Burdock, with her showy ways, and her airs and graces, I never can welcome her, never, never. I must go away and live by myself if she comes here to lord it over the house; and her mother, no doubt, will come and sit and talk in her foolish, flighty way; and the sisters will sit in the parlor windows, and take up the table. They'll be here half the time, and make nobody of me. I know them. Oh! if my Grantley does marry Ann Burdock. But it can't be! It can't!"

Just then a foot struck the floor of the porch, the window raised a little, and through the aperture came flying two letters. One a yellow, vulgar-looking missive, the other a little white envelope with a monogram upon it.

The old lady looked up.

The postman, who had thus easily delivered his letters, looked over his shoulder, and laughed and nodded at her, as he hurried away with his leather bag upon his arm, and she put on her spectacles to read the superscriptions.

The yellow envelope held only one of those circulars with which tradesmen of all sorts are in the habit of flooding the country. The white one was not addressed to her, but to her son, and the monogram was a very pretty silver and blue A. B.

"Ann Burdock," said the old lady. "It's a note from her. Now, I wonder what she has written to my boy? I'd like to know. It's very easy opening these envelopes. 'Tisn't as if they were sealed; and what harm would it be for a mother to read a letter to her son? I've half a mind to do it. Only he'd be angry, maybe. Well, then, I'm angry too, and with more reason. Yes—I will."

A little old-fashioned copper kettle simmered and bubbled upon the stove. A little spirt of steam arose from its spout.

The old lady looked at it. Then, rising, she crept across the floor in a guilty sort of fashion, and held the envelope with its flaps downward, close to the mouth of the spout.

She held it for a few moments, and then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might read it if she chose; if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann Burdock should have secured them better than she could with the little touch of mucilage the maker of those envelopes had bestowed on each one.

Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped them from the steam that had gathered upon them, and, still standing, opened the sheet of paper adorned with a monogram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"Dear Grantley: You went away angry with me on Sunday evening, and said that if I would not take back what I had said you would never come to see me again. And I was too proud and too angry to say a word to keep you. But, Grantley dear, I'm sorry for it now. You were in the right, and I was to blame, and I take it all back—every word. I never meant it. You are so downright you think one must mean all one says, but indeed I never meant it. And so forgive me and come again next Sunday night. I find that life would be a very sad thing for me if we really quarrelled. Yours forever, ANN."

"So!" muttered Mrs. Webb, between her teeth, "It has gone so far, then; and she has been showing her temper and angering Grantley. Well, if he has spirit enough to stay away one week, he'll have spirit enough to stay altogether, perhaps."

Then she gave an angry stamp.

"Why do I comfort myself with that?" she said. "I know this letter will call him back to her, and he'll be more in love with her than ever. Oh, if she had not written! I know my boy well enough to know that he would not go back to her without that. Well, he hasn't seen it yet; and and if I choose he never need. It is for his good, I know. Ann Burdock is not the girl for him. I'll keep him from her."

She dropped Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There it lay, a black and shrivelled fold of tinder, as her son's step sounded in the hall, and she covered it from sight with the kettle.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?" he asked. "I smell something scorching."

"It's not my dress," she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea-things.

In came the girl with the tray, and again Mrs. Webb had a little fright.

"Any letter for me?" asked her son, with an eager look in his face.

"No," she answered faintly. "Did you expect one?"

"Not I," said he, his brows contracting. "But I met the postman on the hill, and he called out to me to hurry home and get my love-letter. His joke, I suppose."

"It was impudent of him," said Mrs. Webb, not daring to meet her son's eye. "That's a love-letter, is it?"

She tossed him the tradesman's circular. He glanced at it and put it down.

How sad he looked! What gray tints there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock's girl? Would it have been better that he should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the thought from her. She spread the little store of dainties before her son and tried to make him eat; and though she had been so frightened by his questions, she could not help approaching the dangerous subject herself.

"Are you going out to-night?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "I think not."

"The neighbors were telling me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often," she went on.

"Well, if I have, mother," he answered, "that is no sign I shall go again."

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's," said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never think of a girl whose father quarrelled with yours, and may have the evil temper of her mother. She's a flirt, too, they say."

Then she bounced out of the room. When she came back Grantley had gone upstairs.

She heard the boards of his bedroom floor creak as he walked up and down for hours, but she did not see him again that night.

"Well, well," she said to herself, "he'll get over it."

But, whatever the feeling was, love, anger, or grief, it did not agree with Grantley Webb. He grew thinner and thinner. He took less interest in that which went on around him. He avoided all the other young people of the place, and seemed to have neither youth nor spirit left.

Could it be all about that girl Ann, old Mrs. Webb asked herself, trying to cheat herself into the idea that the boy was only ill.

But in vain she made him warm possets and bowls of herb tea. Even if he had drunk them, which he did not, for they all went to water the grass of the old orchard—even if he had drunk them, they would have done him no good.

Only one thing could help him—the only thing that seemed to him impossible as he sat at his window, staring through the starlit midnight at the roof of the Burdock dwelling, never guessing that under its eaves Ann Burdock sat, at once angry and sorry, thinking of him and none other.

He had not answered her note; he was unforgiving; but she had vexed him. She was partly to blame.

The old lady in the ruffled night-cap—who often started from her sleep in the big front bed-room of the Webb home with a dream of letters that curled up into tinder over the red coal—had more on her conscience than she knew.

For though Ann grieved, she did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but was outwardly gayer than ever, and flirted as she never had before, until at last the same neighbor who had brought the news of Grantley's love affair to his mother, dropping in to tea, gave Mrs. Webb and her son a bit of gossip as they sat at the table together.

"Ann Burdock is going to be married at last. It's that young man from London—Mr. Millet."

"I believe weddings when I see them now," said Mrs. Webb.

"But Mrs. Burdock herself told me this," said the guest.

When she was gone, Grantley, who sat before the table still, with his elbows upon it, dropped his head upon his arms, and there was a sound of quick breathing.

For a little while his mother watched him. Then she went close.

"Grantley," she said, in a trembling voice, "what is it: What ails you? Tell me!"

"It's only that I'm a fool, mother," he answered.

"But—Grantley, what about?"

He lifted up his young, worn face then, and answered—

"Mother, don't you know? It's about Ann Burdock. It's been very hard to bear, but if she does marry anyone else—I—I shall kill myself, I think. Life doesn't seem worth having."

"Life doesn't seem worth having, if you can't have Ann!" the mother said, in a puzzled sort of way. "But why, what is there in her?"

"What there never is in more than one woman to any man, mother," said Grantley.

Somehow, from the far-away years of youth, a memory came back to his mother that helped her to understand him.

She felt that she had done very ill, and if confession could do any good, she would even confess. At least, if she could not quite do that, she would let him know the truth about Ann.

"Grantley dear," she faltered, "you—you had a quarrel?"

"Yes," he answered.

"But if she had written to beg your pardon you'd have forgiven her?"

She almost hoped that he would say "No"—that she need not go on.

But he answered—

"Yes—but she never wrote."

"I think she did Grantley," said the mother. "I—I know she did. I—I—an accident happened to the letter. It—it got burnt; but I'm sure it was an apology. Indeed, I saw a few words, but I didn't think you cared so. You see it—it fell into the fire."

"Why did you not tell me before?" cried Grantley.

"Well, I somehow didn't like," was all the mother could say. "And why don't you go and ask her about it, and see what it was?"

Poor Mrs. Webb, when her son, after many questions, had taken her advice, cried bitterly. She might have felt even worse had she heard what Ann was saying.

The story had been told, a reconciliation effected, a declaration made to the effect that Mr. Millet had never been loved. And then Ann Burdock said, with a laugh—

"But, Grantley, your mother burnt that letter on purpose. Only a man could believe the story you've told me. She did not want me for a daughter-in-law. I owe her no grudge—remember that, and don't tell her what I say."

Grantley never did. And old Mrs. Webb has often been heard to say that Ann Burdock has turned out better than could have been expected.

Legend of the Jasmine.

We are told that a duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe; and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctures were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful had not love wounded him by the sparkling eye of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry, and his poverty, alone kept them from the hymenial altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The povera figlia, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following Spring it grew and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding day; and they have a proverb which says a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

Sawdust Better than Hair for Mortar

A Frenchman is to be credited with a discovery that when mortar is likely to peel off, the tendency can be prevented by substituting sawdust for hair in the original mixture. He had previously tried in vain to make mortar that would stay in place on a building exposed to damp winds near the sea shore. After frequently renewing the mortar in the old way, he tried the use of sawdust in place of hair, and was quite successful. The sawdust had been thoroughly dried, and the coarser portions were removed by sifting. The experiment is well worth trying in this country, where sawdust is very much cheaper than hair, even in chignons.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

From Belgravia.

Pope has told the story of its origin so well that I cannot do better than quote his words: "Dr. Swift had been observing to Mr. Gay what an odd pretty thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to 'The Beggars' Opera.' He began on it; and when he first mentioned it to Swift the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction or a word of advice, but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly. We were all, at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by hearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say: 'It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke (besides his own good taste) has a particular knack in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger every act, and ended in a clamor of applause." Its ultimate success the following description is taken from the notes to the "Dunciad":—"This piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; ... it made its progress into Wales, Scotland and Ireland; the ladies carried about with them the favorite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. Furthermore, it drove out of England for that season the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years." Beyond the beauty of the music much of this vast popularity was owing to its political significance. Sir Robert Walpole, hearing he had been especially aimed at, was present the first night. When Lockit sang—

"But when you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, 'That was levelled at me'"—

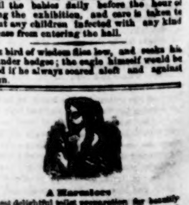
the whole audience turned their faces toward the minister's box; but he [illegible] were anticipating his mortification by applauding and calling out "encore." In the quarrel scene between Peachum and Lockit the allusion was yet more marked. Only a week or two previously there had been a scuffle between Walpole and Townshend upon some political question. Townshend had seized Robert by the collar [illegible] Selwyn, at whose house the scene took place, rushed off to call the guard. The story had soon buzzed [illegible] representation [illegible] with uproarious delight. Walpole, who was even nicknamed Bob Booty, from one of the characters, kept his equanimity throughout [illegible] own gibbeting [illegible] night, hearing some new lines [illegible] went behind [illegible] the introduction to be a "gag," soundly caned the actor who had spoken it. Gay's punishment he kept [illegible] with important [illegible] In the first place it brought £2,000 to its author's pocket. It made Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum, the idol of the town; her portrait was engraved and everywhere exposed for sale, accompanied by laudatory verses. The Duke of Bolton was so enhanced by her singing "Oh, Ponder Well" that he ultimately made her a duchess. Her contemporaries speak of her as beautiful and very accomplished, and [illegible] wit and good [illegible] raised. As a specimen of theatrical salaries of the period, although [illegible] hit, Rich engaged her for Covent Garden at fifteen shillings a week [illegible] of "The Beggar's Opera," he raised to thirty. Quinn was originally cast for Macheath—a most injudicious [illegible]. Hearing Walker, a brother actor, humming one of the airs at rehearsal, he said, "There's a man much fitter for the part than I." Gay, upon this hint, [illegible] Walker made [illegible] "Polly," but fell in consequence into such dissipated company and excesses that he lived only a few years afterward. Gay was assisted in the composition by several celebrated contemporaries. The song, "The Modes of the Court," was by Lord Chesterfield. "Virgins are Like the Fair Flower in Its Lustre," by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. "When You Censure the Age," by Swift; "Courtiers and Lawyers are Jugglers Alike," by Fortescue, the Master of the Rolls. Sir John Fielding, the Bow street magistrate, averred that the play had greatly increased the number of highwaymen [illegible] run a greater number than usual of those depredators were brought [illegible]. Swift and Johnson [illegible] the charge of immorality brought against the piece [illegible] unfounded.

Boston's Baby Show.

From the Boston Advertiser.

Babies, Babies, Babies. Horticultural Hall is full of them. All sizes, shapes, and conditions of life. Big and tall, short and small, blue-eyed, gray-eyed, black-eyed, and no eyes at all. Black-headed, white-headed, and no-headed. Anything in the way of infants that one cares to see may be found at Horticultural Hall. And what a novelty it is! [illegible] a curiosity, but [illegible] when compared with this exhibition of babies. Along the walls of the lower hall [illegible] seats are ranged, and upon these the mothers and nurses are seated, comparatively [illegible] the little ones in their arms [illegible] anxiously trying [illegible] comfortable in the strange place [illegible] inclined to be fretful. As we enter the hall the sight is amusing. Nurses are rolling babies across the floor in little carriages, mothers are rocking and dandling fragile bits of mortality, and several little ones are indulging in frolics and romps by themselves. The children gaze curiously into the faces of the visitors, and little dark eyes peer wistfully from laughing, rosy faces, or shine out from [illegible] of dark or flaxen curls. The entries made up to yesterday number [illegible] and others are constantly coming in, so that undoubtedly [illegible] before the prizes [illegible]. The lightest baby weighs five pounds and the heaviest one hundred and [illegible] is seventeen [illegible] three years. [illegible] pairs. Among [illegible] of triplets [illegible] as alto tenor [illegible] ware. A baby [illegible] good English [illegible] sings the Moody and Sankey hymns. One little girl, aged nine [illegible] and a bouncing [illegible] pounds, and that [illegible]. The exhibition will continue through the week, and the management [illegible] sums amounting [illegible] among the babies [illegible] diamonds is [illegible] mother. Every [illegible] comfort and convenience of the children and their parents. Cooling apparatus has been placed in the ante-room, and a physician is in attendance to [illegible] sees all the [illegible] opening the [illegible] prevent any exhibition infected with any kind of disease from [illegible].

THE bird of [illegible] food under his [illegible] starved if he [illegible] the sun.



A Marvelous [illegible]
and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion [illegible] Laird's "Bloom of Youth" [illegible] by George W. Laird. It is [illegible] pure, and warranted [illegible] mental to health [illegible] beautifiers [illegible] etc., etc., for [illegible] skin. The "Bloom" [illegible] other preparation. Sold at all drug[illegible]

SONNET.

BY ORION.

I saw the Summer moon rise in the East,
All rosy red, night's heavenly sentinel
And old of days. It was quiet, twice as full
That in the distance lingering rung, and ceased;
Then arose a lullaby to a drowsy world
Of sweetest calm, by fancy furnished well.
I heard it beautiful, magnificent,
That by partaking, the more increased!
Such poesy there are as regardless be
In his first waking; for they leave behind
A glad sense of a something sweet and grand,
Despite the sophists' art and sneer unkind,
That the whole being attends of the mind.
There lies a faith that nothing can remove.

THE BEGGING TRADE IN RUSSIA.

BY A RESIDENT IN MOSCOW.

Among the many trades plied by the poorest population of the German empire, that of begging, and that of *begging*, with an organization and character so original, that certain facts concerning it, collected on the spot, may not be devoid of interest to the general reader. The word "beggar" usually brings before the mind's eye the image of some unfortunate human being, deprived in one way or other of all means of earning the bread of his daily need. To the strong man, able to apply his strength to work of any kind, begging seems ignoble; and yet, in the Government of Moscow, in the centre of industrial Russia, there are many who here begging formed from of old, and now forms, a distinct trade, practised by the young and old of both sexes, independently of any degree of worldly wealth they may possess. The beggars are the Sabbiwiki of Zapomorsky, in the district of Bogorodsky; and the bullwick of Weyshegorodsky and part of Shuiskoofskiky, in the district of Vereisk. This latter number is considerably increased at Schouvalofskin, and its inhabitants are usually known as Schouvalikoffs, because they were for more than a century the serfs of the Counts Schouvalof, the ancestors of the present Russian Ambassador at the English Court.

Schouvalofskin consists of fifty-two villages, lying close together, and, according to the last census, had a total population of 4,345 souls. Agriculture is now, as it was formerly, the chief occupation of the inhabitants; not only the culture of different kinds of grain, but extensive onion cropping forming a considerable part of their revenues. The onion fields demand copious manuring, and enforce the necessity of raising cattle. As a general rule the material condition of the Schouvalikoffs is no way different from that of the other peasant population of the district. In many ways, indeed, they possess advantages which their neighbors do not. Less fertile portions have been left them, the vacant seigneural lands where their cattle may graze at leisure, abundant woods, and the vicinity of three large towns—Bogorsk, Moskaisk, and Vereisk. And yet there is a trade only appears among the peasantry who were formerly the *serfs* of the Schouvaloff family: in adjacent villages, belonging to other landed proprietors, there is no trace of it. How is this to be accounted for? Direct indications as to the primitive conditions of peasant trades in general can rarely be come at, particularly if the trade has been carried on from of old. "We had to feed ourselves somehow," say the peasants when you ask them why such-and such a trade, and no other, sprung up in such-and-such a village. "Here alone, without a trade of some kind, is never enough." In conversing, however, with the old and aged among the Schouvalikoffs, we have gleaned a few particulars of their origin as matter. "A hundred years ago or more," runs the tradition, the peasantry of the localities in question, besides being tillers of the ground, were also carpenters, and went "on their rounds" into the Western Border, where the begging trade was spread to a considerable extent. It was a new business to them; but they had every opportunity of becoming familiar with it; and after the war of 1812, when their dwellings were burnt down and their fields laid waste, they turned to it from necessity, as a willing task, until they found "what a profitable trade it was." They were encouraged also by the fact that theirs was no regular feudal service; they never saw their landowner, who generally held high posts in St. Petersburg, and after 1812 the peasantry had invariably no one to look to but the Central Government. He did not care what their occupations were, provided they fulfilled the heavy obligations laid on them; and under the circumstances of the case, he got over for certain sums of money. The burden of the estates laid upon them fell with the absence of any local earnings, the necessity of paying the poll-tax with ready money, the withdrawal of all capital and attention on the part of the proprietor, and the winking of the German land-steward—these were the circumstances which led to the introduction and development of begging in this part of Russia. Such, say they, did it take in Schouvalofskin that the repressive measures afterwards resorted to by the local authorities neither abolished it or weakened it. Such measures were: prohibition of all passports for residence in large towns, confinement to the villages for vagrants, and dispatch to respective homes under military escort of those found begging. But they only aided the spread of begging, and only brought about the by-word, "There is never a prison where you won't find a Schouvalikoff, and never a beggar." This is comprehensible when we remember that the Russian peasant, once grown accustomed to a trade, will stick to it persistently until a more profitable one turns up. Bad crops, failure of a sale, or scarcity forced the villagers of Mosaikoff, for instance, to have recourse to begging, and soon they looked on it as their "regular trade." But fifteen years ago waggon making somehow made its way to them, proved more profitable than begging, and soon supplanted it entirely. The latest, even in Schouvalofskin begging has been increasing for some time past, and the materials for a statistical account of the rise of the timber to the nearest railway station. Some of the richer peasants have given up the agriculture and started as draymen and drosheky-drivers. What has been most prejudicial to begging is the land-hunger of the peasantry. Before the French war it was unknown, and now every corner of Russia has beggars enough of its own. In old times a good harvest would bring home of a winter from 100 to 200 roubles for their trade; and in the same beggar will only fetch from fifty to seventy five; and as for this year, some of them could hardly get home with more than the cost of carnival time." From this we see that the falling-off in the profits has been serious; and yet, all the same, more than three-fourths or half of the fifty-two Schouvalofskin villages still carry on the trade.

Let us now say a few words about its organization and technology. In autumn the peasants from all the districts mentioned, from Vereisk, or any other adjacent towns, to sell their onions. On the road they manage to find out who is in want of beggars. The trade has become the hereditr has been most abundant, and after selling their onions and collecting all necessary information, they form themselves into parties of from ten to twenty persons. Each gang sometimes consists of ten men and boys, and contain individuals of all ages—men and women, boys and girls. This is rather regulated by seniority of age, for the eldest there should be a just distribution of labor and profits throughout the whole trade. They get half-yearly passports, which entitle them to distinct habitat, and set out for different governments—frequently among those most distant in directions, in order not to awaken the distrust of charitable donors by crowding into one locality. The aged among them are entrusted with the sometimes position to old age and infirmity; the middle-aged to having small, helpless children on their hands; the children are all employed, and the grown men tell a tale of "the Fire," in which they had themselves been burnt out. They generally go to Little Russia, to the Baltic Provinces (especially Finland) and to Poland, or to the Pasa and to Astrakhan and Russian Finland, the Schouvalikoffs generally provide themselves with begging letters, written in the German tongue, which, for great misfortune that forced them to have recourse the beggar is described. Should their passports have been accidentally destroyed by means of bogy pilgrims, they procure fake documents expressed to cause them ecclesiastical dignitaries, authorizing them to collect for the building of a new church, or for holy oil to be sent to some far-off monastery, full of miracle-working saints. About the end of October their preparations are over, and they start by the first fall of snow. On arriving at the spot where they intend to commence operations, they break up into parties of different sizes, in groups of two and threes, first coming to an understanding about meeting again in a week or two at a fixed place, and fixing whatever they may have had time to collect. On driving up to a village their horses are left on the highroad, and they betake themselves from door to door, asking for charity in God's name for the love of Christ. Corn, barley, coarse homespun linen, money, and old clothes are given to them. There are experts who make themselves up for orders up in half-a-dozen pockets or mock-frocks, without even a shirt beneath them, and sacrifice all this to the effects of "the Fire." Others, in the towns, just before entering a village, give the children they have with them a whip-lashing in order that real tears and sobs may more effectually soften the hearts of the charitable public. Travelling along the highroads the Schouvalikoffs ask from after a long train of sleighs—a little business may likely be done. So the octogenarian of the party is frequently to be a little pledge, a piece of matting thrown over him, and when the sleighs come alongside, the drivers and occupants are importuned with tears and moans to give a little help towards burying "the poor old father" (or grandfather) "who has died on the way." I knew a peasant, Alexis Ignoref by name, who led about his wife on a chain, told the sad story of how she had gone mad. He always had a crowd of listeners, and the woman did her best to corroborate her husband's statements. She lost her hair among the walls, tried to crawl into the stoves, stooped to all-fours to drink out of middle-troughs, and always finished up with a rush at her husband to strangle him! This kind of fiction resulted in many plentiful donations, that in a year or two the aforesaid peasant built himself a fine isba, cultivated a large field of onions, and lived comfortably with his wife, "whom he knew to be a clever woman," he said, "when he married her." The Russian beggar has a considerable spirit of combination, of dexterity, and quick-wittedness wherever it is necessary. There are Schouvalikoffs, it is said, who buy children from nurses in foundling hospitals, mutilate them, and go about with them, collecting alms for the poor foolish natural."

The gangs all return home before Easter by the "last" Winter road, and usually at home until the end of Autumn. Only old men and women, quite unfit for field labor, or families who for their business or other affairs leave husbandry, follow the begging trade in the summer. Of these there are very few, for in spite of begging and all itinerant trades, "the bit of land at home" is always the main-stay. Besides the Schouvalikoffs, there exists a capitalist organization, consisting of managers and hired laborers. The peasant Anton Courier, when at Nyen last January, fell in with winter, and sends them "trading" to different places, appointing a week his rank. They start to gather from five to ten old shirts per diem, according to the age and capacity of the boy, and should the task not be fulfilled the unprovicious undergoes heavy punishment. The executive business of the manager is to sell these gathered rags in Petersburg. Parents willingly give out their children to such apprenticeship; for not only under a capitalist master do they receive good wages—from ten to twenty roubles a winter—but they learn the trade of may themselves afterwards become "experienced beggars." That is the main point; for they say, "No girl of the family will marry a beggar who does not know his trade."

I have stated that during the last five or six years the earnings of the Schouvalikoffs have been greatly on the decrease; still, even now, on an average, a peasant family will earn a hundred roubles a Winter, besides keeping himself and his horse. The fodder for the horse is, in their opinion, of the greatest importance. The horses fed on charity feeds long and well, fattens speedily, and on coming home would sell for double what they had been worth once had not been taken out. The horses of the peasant householders have to work hard, and during the trade cannot get through half as much work in the Summer as the beggar's horses do. This circumstance is a great disadvantage to them for agriculture is the chief business of the Summer, and their onion fields demand a great deal of very careful labor. In the Summer time the beggar trade lends a helping hand to peasant agriculture, and is a general rule, the beggar menage looks prosperous. Their domiciles and out-houses are in good repair; they have more cattle than their neighbors, and no arrears on their lands. The worst feature of the trade, in the opinion of the peasantry themselves, is that it leads to drunkenness, thanks to which the most skilful beggars can never rise even to moderate well being. "The more he gathers the more he spends in drink." Neither is respect for the property of others much developed among them. Indeed, many of the Schouvalikoffs look on petty thefts as misdemeanors in no way dishonoring, but they are kept in check by no means the case with all.

The peasantry have no scruples down the honest man's heart when he contemplates begging organized into a regular trade. How great must be the profits, how sufficient to ensure to parasitism as a means of existence, and look upon begging, whining, and lying, not with confidence, but with contempt. A clear proof of this is one of the sickly phenomena of social life in Russia, and one which it is the duty to eradicate, and against which their most effective weapons are schools. Within the past two years the Government has voted funds for the funds for the building of four shool-houses—the first ever seen in the land of the Schouvalikoffs, and if these have relieved them for the whole Winter through, that alone will keep them from the trade. Four schools for four schools are not enough for native villages; and if, besides reading and writing, some useful trade were taught in the more populous villages, it would enable them to give up begging all the more speedily. As to repressive measures, in the present state of things, they are useless, and do nothing. "Were we forbidden to beg," say the peasants, "we might starve."

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

Mr. Wallace has remarked that the birds of New Guinea present a larger proportion of splendid species than those of any other part of the world. To this result the birds of Paradise largely contribute. Of this family twenty-four species have been described to the Japoan Islands, with a single exception, are confined to New Guinea and its range to North Australia, and which is without the characteristic plumes of the true paradise birds. The beauty and singularity of beauty of plumage the birds of paradise are without rivals in the bird-world. Most of them are the superb bulbs of the feathers ing not from the wings, but from each side the lower back, and are rendered more conspicuous. We find, accordingly, the yellow promuose of the plate replaced by pink and yellow colored tufts, and the golden beauties of the wings; while the central tail-feathers are often produced to a great length, elongated into wires, or have their webs broadened and terminated by lustrous spatules, and all adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In the sub-family Epimachiine, instead of tufts from the sides of the body, the accessory plumes are in the form of tufts from the shoulders, while in the species which strays into North Australia these peculiarities are wanting, and the birds are of a dull hue, the colors of nature which is not found in the endless variety of form and color of the paradise birds; not only the lustrous metallic tints of the humming-bird, but yellows, reds, blues and greens of surpassing richness and purity, in these fantastic freaks of coloration and feathering are confined to the males: the females are dull and inconspicuous in hue, and are the most unattractive of birds. Doubtless this provision of nature is intended as a protection from observation during the labors of the nesting season. Strange notions formerly prevailed among the naturalists as to the birds of paradise. As until recently no European had been able to observe them in life, all ourspecimens were supplied by the natives, who always cut off the legs from the skins, on which account they were regarded for without feet, whence the name of the best-known species, Apoda. Peculiar and strange are these creatures, yet there can be no doubt that their singularities in nature are a family marked by an extreme uniformity and sameness of plumage, and by the absence of any difference of coloration in the sexes—the crow tribe, between which and the starlings the paradise birds are naturally placed.

HONOR is unstable, and seldom the same for one finds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her fool. She builds a lofty structure on the unsteady foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most seldom in chance.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S SHOW.

At last the ninth, the Lord Mayor's day, came. It is also the Prince of Wales' birthday, so the city would be very gay looking with all the flags flying.

Early I went into the east and see soon in Cannon street. In the streets we have passing visions of pink silk stockings, canary-colored breeches, and dark green coats and gold lace. The pavements are crowded with citizens and women by shop windows full of sweet, eager little faces, in the place of hats, shirts, sewing-machines, etc.

Then I went to arrive at our destination in Cheapside, where, through the kindness of a friend, a window on the first floor of a large building is visible for us. How impatient we are until we hear the land of the Grenadier Guards, and that of the Royal London Militia, just ere the Worshipful Company of Leviers, preceded by fifty mounted officers, in their white striped jerseys, bearing banners; next the waterman father to relieve them; beside of the company with installed father, the chief in his chariot; the wardens, wearing silk cloaks trimmed with fur, and gold chains, sitting amongst them Sir John Bennett, the great watchmaker of Cheapside.

Then came a great yellow coach, in which rides the Master of the Company, attended by his chaplain. After the Leviers come the Farriers, the Saddlers, the Plaisterers, the Painters, beadle and mace clerk, wardens and master. Last of all rides Mr. Shadbolt, them one slowly along, an excitement is caused by the behavior of the horse of a mounted officer, who, frightened by the shouts of the people at night, and, with their tails in the mouths of their barrows, survey the country around them, and, with their tails in the mouths of their barrows, survey the country around them, and, with their tails in the mouths of their barrows, survey the country around them

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA
1821 1871

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
The Post will be mailed to any address for one year for $2.00. For six months, $1.00

CLUB RATES:

4 Copies " " " 7.00
8 Copies " " " 13.00
12 Copies " " and 1 to getter up of club. 18.00
20 Copies " " " 30.00
Additional copies at the same rate.

Address all letters and make all drafts payable to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
HERALD BUILDING, 97 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of State as well as of town, in which they live.

Post Masters, or others, sending for clubs, would confer a favor by informing us the reason why their names have been discontinued.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
Payable in Advance.
Fifty cents per line of space. Agate measure must be each insertion.
Special Notices, $1.00 per line.
Reading Notices, $1.00 per line.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3, 1877.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends the postmasters will exert themselves, and get up large clubs for the NATIONAL POST; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other kind, genial and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers cannot fail to perceive that it out-shines all competition.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We again call the attention of our patrons and the general public to the SATURDAY EVENING POST, which is now beyond all doubt the best as well as the largest family journal in the United States. Since the present management assumed charge of the paper, no effort or expense has been spared to attain this end. The best and freshest attractions have been introduced into our columns, and the best writers employed to contribute the productions of their genius. The natural result of this course has been to give the Post such a varied, brilliant and interesting table of contents as to place it beyond competition.

In fact, each week's issue of our paper is a carefully arranged epitome of all matters of current interest in science, art, fashion, etiquette, literature, household economy, farming and gardening, society, etc. Each number contains large instalments of interesting serial romances, which fascinate without having recourse to the vulgar quackery of sensationalism, as well as good short stories and numerous miscellaneous articles of more than ordinary value, besides full and instructive departments.

Still, notwithstanding all the attractions of the Post, our terms for single subscriptions and clubs are much lower than those of any other family journal in the land. These facts should be borne in mind by our patrons and the reading community. We therefore ask each reader of the Post to assist us in our endeavor to spread our paper far and wide throughout the United States, by getting up clubs and inducing all their friends and neighbors to do the same. A reference to our terms, at the head of the editorial page, will furnish a sufficient guide for all who desire to aid in circulating the best and oldest family paper in the country.

STERNE.

Laurence Sterne, the famous author of "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey," was the son of Roger Sterne, an Irish military officer, and was born at Clonmel, November 24, 1713. Ireland thus had the honor of giving birth to one of the most eminent satirical and distinguished wits of the eighteenth century. On the very day his sptrit son saw the light, Roger Sterne's regiment was disbanded, and, as soon as little Laurence could be moved, the family passed over to England and resided for a short space at Elrington, near York. In ten month's time, however, they were again on the wing, and this time brought up in Dublin. Within thirty days from their arrival at the Irish capital, Roger was ordered to Exeter, and his poor wife and children once more changed quarters. He was finally sent to Jamaica, W.I., where he fell ill from fever and died. Just before his fatal death, Laurence had a wonderful escape. He was staying with his mother at the parsonage at Animo, and one day got fooling in the vicinity of a mill-race. He accidentally headed-over-heels into it, and, incredible as it may seem, for the mill was going at the time, he was taken up unhurt after passing through it. He says, in his light way, that as soon as the news of this spread, he became a sort of curiosity in vulgar eyes, and hundreds of the common people flocked to see the boy whom Heaven had so miraculously preserved.

Prior to the family's departure for the West Indies, Laurence was placed at school near Halifax. There he remained until the latter part of 1731, and whilst there one day went through an adventure that he himself records with evident satisfaction. It was this, and we will let him tell the story in his own words: "I cannot omit mentioning an anecdote of myself and schoolmaster. He had the ceiling of the room new whitewashed: the ladder remained there. I, one unlucky day, mounted it, and wrote with a brush in bugs capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me that he never should thus abuse his relation for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made no forget the stripes I had received. From Halifax school, through the influence of a neighboring nobleman, Mr. Sterne was sent to Cambridge, and became matriculated as a sizar of Jesus' College, July 6, 1733, and intriculated March 29, 1735. He took his degree of B. A., January, 1736, and received that of M. A. in 1740. At the University he bore the reputation of being a head-over-heels sort of fellow, fond of fun and gay diversions. When Sterne bade adieu to Cambridge, he was thought to be a harmless, odd sort of an individual, who had talents if he would use them, and would prosper in the world if he were not too lazy. His great-grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary of a cathedral, so Sterne naturally took to the church, and the uncle, as naturally, procured for him the living of Sutton, a little village in Yorkshire. There he remained, quietly waiting for something to "turn up," and attending to the functions of his office.

Two amusing anecdotes of Sterne at this period deserve to be repeated, as they fully illustrate his peculiar powers and turn of mind. One of them is as follows: There happened a dispute in which one of Sterne's friends was concerned. A person who filled a lucrative benefice was not satisfied with enjoying it during his lifetime, but wanted it entailed upon his wife and son. Sterne's friend, a Mr. Warchust, with which the Present Possessor is not Content to Cover His own Shoulders, unless He can also Cut ont of it a Petticoat for His Wife, and a Pair of Breeches for His Son." The monopolizer was stunned when he found that his long-coming publication, and, dreading above all things Sterne's severe sarcasm and satire, traded the succession for the withdrawal of the "History" from the press. Sterne's friend in due time gained the benefice, when he rewarded the reverend satirist with the prebendaryship of York. The second anecdote runs thus: Sterne was sitting in the coffee-house at York, when a stranger came in who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by descanting too freely upon religion and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Sterne, asking his sentiments, who the latter, instead of answering him directly, told the witting that his dog was reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole county, but had a trick of flying at clergymen which he could all his life time qualities. "How long has he had this trick, sir?" asked the unsuspecting young man. "Ever since he was a puppy, sir!" answered Sterne. The answer drove the witling from the room amid shouts of laughter.

Sterne was married in 1741, and his wife's influence brought him the living of Stillington. Sterne at this period was renowned among his acquaintances as a wit and a genius, but his fame had not yet penetrated abroad that circle. This comparative obscurity, however, was not destined to enshroud him long. He had written two volumes of "Tristram Shandy," and had vainly offered them to the London booksellers for fifty pounds. He now published them at York, and in a short time they became exceedingly popular and were in everybody's hands. All read, and even the critics approved, though but few understood the true spiritual fiction. The London booksellers were thunderstruck, and rushed in a body for the privilege of bringing out the second edition. Sterne sold this privilege for six hundred pounds. The author of "Tristram Shandy" grew rich and rose to the reputation of the genius of the age. The clergy censured Sterne for his production, which they styled too frivolous for a churchman, but the work brought him a multitude of admirers, among whom was Lord Falconbridge, presented him with the living of Coxwold. Sterne now published his sermons, which to this day are much admired, continued "Tristram Shandy," and wrote "The Sentimental Journey." As his fame increased, so did his income grew larger, Sterne abandoned his livings to his curates and spent his money in the most frivolous style. So great was his extravagance, that at his death he left nothing but his posthumous works.

Sterne had trouble with his wife and daughter, who for some years were separated from him and lived in a convent in France. He was gay, witty and fond to the last, and seemed utterly indifferent to death. He expired in London, March 18, 1768. His funeral was private and unostentatious, and not a single bell tolled as the corpse of the great author was borne to the grave, attended only by two gentlemen in a coach. His demise was thus lightly announced in a London newspaper:

DIED.—At his lodgings, in Bond street, the Rev Mr. Sterne. He was a clergyman, I know him well. A fellow of infinite jest, most excellent fancy."

Sterne's personal character has been a shining mark for generations of moralists to aim their darts at, and it must be admitted that his every-doing is rightly attributed to the great novelist. Still "to err is human, to forgive divine," and the good qualities of the author of "Tristram Shandy," which were many, deserve to blot out the memory of his transgressions.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

THAT fell disease, consumption, is every year losing more and more of its power to defy the physicians. A novel operation for its cure was lately performed upon Archibald Chatterton, at Campbellton, New Brunswick. His right lung was softened and broken down, with the exception of a small portion at the top. Dr. Balcom, of that town, thinking that he probably could not recover, made a deep incision in the young man's chest at the lower end of the shoulder blade, and inserted a silver tube, through which he drew out a large amount of matter. He afterwards washed out the cavity with disinfectants. The patient was immediately relieved, his strength and appetite increased, and he was soon able to leave his bed and walk about. His left lung being comparatively sound, the strength of his constitution effected a prolongation of his life for many years.

THOSE gunning shoots, the French papers, as is their wont after the death of a celebrated Frenchman, have been in that capacity in regard to the shooting Thiers. Among those in case about his fondness for cockads. He liked the fish best when served up in a homely way called brandade. But there came a time in his old age when his physicians forbade him eating the fish in any style, and Mme. Thiers sternly refused to disobey the order. Soon after the ladies of the family noticed that M. Mignet, the historian and intimate friend of Thiers, frequently visited him, and that he always carried a thick parcel. Mme. Thiers was unsuspicious, and thought that the parcel contained historical documents. But one day she made a discovery, and M. Mignet no longer entered the house with a parcel. Going suddenly into her husband's room soon after M. Mignet's arrival, she there found him and his friend feasting on brandade contained in the parcel. Both of the great men looked for a moment, after they caught sight of Mme. Thiers, like children detected in disobeying a schoolmaster.

THOSE interested in the cheapening of sugar will be glad to learn that Mr. T. M. Metcalf, commissioner of statistics for Minnesota, reports upon a newly discovered sugar cane, known as the Minnesota early amber, a hybrid from the sorghum. The chief value, Mr. Sterne's nauseous products of the latter are now superseded by a syrup and sugar, which Mr. Metcalf says will speedily rival in excellence those of the West Indies and Louisiana. He thinks that farmers possessing the soil and cheap fuel necessary to the production and manipulation of the new cane, may now grow his own sugar, both for consumption and sale, and find it a profitable branch of agriculture. Superior vinegar can be prepared also from the molasses, and cattle can be fattened upon the refuse cane and the scum from the boiling juice. Mr. Metcalf mentions Seth B. Kinney, of Morristown, and Charles H. Miller, of Dundas, Rice county, Minn., as the parties who have introduced the new article. The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce invited them last spring to exhibit samples of their product, and the exhibit at the fair been inundated with visitors and letters of inquiry. The ensuing spring will probably see much planting of the crop.

OUR American merchants should look after the Japanese trade. The United States Minister to Japan, in replying to the trade circular recently issued from the State Department at Washington, calls attention to the large amount of cotton and woolen manufactures imported into the country. The imports of cotton yarn alone during the month of July, in the present year, reached almost half a million dollars. During the year 1876 the imports of Japan from England amounted to $12,214,080, and her exports to England amounted to only $2,568,403. During this period the imports from the United States were very small, while the exports to America were very large. This state of things needs changing.

PERSONAL.

It is said that Mr. Whittier will hereafter live in Danvers.

The good health and the cheerfulness of the Queen are noted by the Roman correspondent of the London Globe.

Miss Mary G. Horsford, the daughter of the Hon. Eben Norton Horsford, has just been married to Mr. B. R. Curtis, son of the late Judge Curtis.

Of Mrs. Hayes, the Richmond Dispatch seems to take the opinion that she is "the leading social oracle of the most respectable families in Richmond."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton intends shortly to publish a volume of her poems, to be called by the pretty Tennyssonian title of "Swallow-Flights."

Mr. H. St. G. Tucker, son of the Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, has just been married to Miss Johnston, a grand-daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

A monument to the gentle memory of Teresa Tittens will probably be built by subscriptions from the English people. A movement for this purpose has already been started.

Mrs. Joseph Parkes, a granddaughter of the famous Dr. Priestly, has just died at the age of eighty. She leaves one daughter, Madame Belloc, known in modern literature as Miss Bessie Raynor Parkes.

Lord Falmouth is a gentleman who has been accustomed to consider Mr. Spofford a friend. He is very wealthy, will play an important part in society.

The venerable Professor Dana, of Yale College, has distinguished himself by chasing through the streets of Boston, who usually obtained from one of five dollars by professedly soliciting for a sick fireman.

Col. T. W. Higginson has just been a paper before the Social Science Association upon a very interesting subject—this: "A five-hundred Congressman on Horseback, from MS. Studies of William Ellery."

The death of the "Austrian woman," Marie Antoinette, was remembered this year in the performances of a solemn mass for her soul, given at o'clock till noon, on the eighty-fourth anniversary of her "taking off."

Minister Houghton gets what may be termed "a beautiful notice from the Albany Journal. "His many head," it says, "will match the crowns of the Rothschilds and glitter in the salons of that frigid but stately capital."

Lord Dufferin, says the London Times, in a letter published in Macmillan's Magazine, is a cosmopolitan, who thoroughly understands one of the most comprehensive communities philosophy ever imagined or attempted to realize.

It is reported that when somebody asked Mrs. Secretary McCrary if she had Mrs. Belknap's address in Washington, she answered, "No, but won't find any of that skulduggery about us." Whence is this awful word, and what does it mean?

The Duke of Argyll will be obliged to spend between $75,000 and $100,000 in restoring Inverary Castle. The building and its contents were ruined by fire on the night of the 3d instant. Only the building. The Duke attributes the origin of the fire to lightning.

The marriage of the Duke of Norfolk and Lady Hastings is to take place at the Brompton Oratory on Wednesday, the 21st of November. Cardinal Manning will perform the ceremony. The Duke is able to do so, as he is compelled to leave for Rome before that date.

Miss Ada Sweet, the Chicago pension agent. is a childish, modest lady who looks not more than twenty years of age. Her hair is golden-brown, worn much in the fashion of Mrs. Hayes. She is low in the neck, her eyes blue and laughing, figure slender, voice low.

The gay life of the Washington correspondent has been skipping around Senator Benjamin Hill thus: "A bluegrass man, mild as May, velvety, broad-backed, and unassuming as a field daisy. No picturesque a description ought to be agreeable to the Senator, but it is certain he feared that he will not appreciate it to any great extent.

Mrs. Isaac T. Smith, who died the other day at Elizabeth, N. J., was the great-granddaughter of Gen. Joseph Palmer of revolutionary fame, and the granddaughter of Capt. Joseph Pearse Palmer, who led the patriots from Morristown to "Boonton Iron Works." Mrs. Smith was a Miss Putnam, and a sister of the late George P. Putnam, publisher. Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Miss Peabody, were cousins of Mrs. Smith.

John Campbell, who has just been nominated as Council in Bada, Portland, was an officer on the staff of Gen. Schofield, during the rebellion, and was made Governor of Wyoming Territory by President Grant. After the Modoc war he was appointed Governor of Montana, and was superseded by that Democratic monstrosity of Democratic Governors, Tilden. Among those in case about his fondness for cockads. He liked the fish best when served up in a homely way called brandade. But there came a time in his old age when his physicians forbade him eating the fish in any style, and Mme. Thiers sternly refused to disobey the order. Soon after the ladies of the family noticed that M. Mignet, the historian and intimate friend of Thiers, frequently visited him, and that he always carried a thick parcel. Mme. Thiers was unsuspicious, and thought that the parcel contained historical documents. But one day she made a discovery, and M. Mignet no longer entered the house with a parcel. Going suddenly into her husband's room soon after M. Mignet's arrival, she there found him and his friend feasting on brandade contained in the parcel. Both of the great men looked for a moment, after they caught sight of Mme. Thiers, like children detected in disobeying a schoolmaster.

HOME CULTURE.

XX.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

'YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

ADDENDA TO CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

It has been said that the first essential of refinement, in life and manners, is a total absence of pretension. Pretension is snobishness and snobbishness is vulgarity. Let this essential be mastered and carried out in manners, in the household appointments, in every point, and with a due degree of cultivation, as entrance into the inner circle of refined society is secured. Here is offered found that thorough appreciation of the dignity of labor, which the agricultural are often afraid to assert—but, even if they are competent to feel it. In a country like our own, where wealth is held by such precarious tenure, that those who are living in luxury one year may be seeking employment the next, it is the duty of every mother to see that her daughters, as well as her sons, are fitted for self-support. Their chances for marriage will not be diminished by it, and their chances for happiness will be increased. If they are blessed with homes of their own, they will be all the better fitted for reigning in that kingdom which is their heritage. And if desiring to engage in the life-work of happy wives and mothers, they will at least have more resources within themselves for happiness than those persons who have not made systematic preparation for a life of usefulness. Fewer branches of study, and more thoroughness in each branch, should at least be insisted upon; and where no inclination is felt to pursue a course of study after school-life is ended, a course of reading should be taken up and systematically followed.

In an age like the present, when so much is heard of professional careers for women, university examinations, female suffrage, and the like, it is more than ever necessary for wives and mothers to fill their domestic vocations in a way that will show their capacity to be queens in their own right. It is necessary Faithfulness in the discharge of the duties of private life gives testimony to capacity for faithfulness in any service.

While the women are enthusiastically advocating the higher education of women, are constantly met with the question, "What do women want with a higher education?" Mrs. Ellen Hunt Richards, M.D., has written much upon this subject, answers this question in the following manner: "They want it because the duties allotted to women by the Creator's order, require the highest mental and moral discipline, and a low-mind mother injures society at its very root in the family. They want it because, by causes beyond their control, more and more women are driven to their own exertions for support, and can have no chance in the labor market if to their natural disadvantages be added the artificial one of want of training.

"They want it because we live in revolutionary times, when the old beliefs, the old traditions which hedged round the lives of women, at least, in a guarded path, are called in question in every newspaper, in every novel, and women must think, and will think, and feel, in broader strings, but in this trial of all things must be taught to discern and hold fast that which is good.

"They want it because in the fierce competition of modern society the only class left in the country possessing leisure is that of women supported in easy circumstances by husband or father, and it is in this class we must look for the maintenance of cultivated and refined tastes, of the value and pursuit of knowledge and art for their own sakes, which can alone save society from degenerating into a huge machine for making money and gratifying the love of sensual luxury. Finally, they want it because they, like men, were created in the image of God, because to develop and cultivate and perfect that divine element within them is their right and their duty."

To these reasons, so ably given, another might be added, "Women want a higher education, that they may be the companions, the 'helpmeets,' the companions and the confidential advisers of their husbands." No man who does not know by experience, is able to estimate how much is gained from the daily companionship of a woman who is his equal in range of thought, who, after looking well to the ways of her household, is capable of entering into his plans, and, by her suggestions, sharing his thoughts and his cares, and "directing old mind not less than engaging his heart." A writer upon "Marriage in France" says: "Never can the position of women should be thoroughly instructed so urgent salt is now. The intellectual advance of man, which has been so rapid since the last century, calls for a corresponding advance in woman." This writer advocates the admission of women to the professions hitherto monopolized by men, upon the ground that the mere fact of the latter's admission to them, will raise the level of their general education. He goes so far as to assert that unless our women are educated to become the companions of the men they marry, we shall never be entirely safe from the danger which has proved so fatal to France; that sinking gradually below the intellectual level of men, they will cease to charm, yet terrible little carnivora" of which Dumas speaks, "For whom men sacrifice their fortunes, their honor, and their lives." This writer shows us that the evils which so often arise in wedded life are mainly attributable to the want of that thorough education which fits women to be the companion of men, instead of their toy or their slave. Turning from the nation of which he writes he says: "We shall not, therefore, inveigh against the French; let us rather look to ourselves, and learn from them their errors. The cardinal error, the prime mover of all the evils we have pointed out, lies in the education of women. We are not speaking merely of the work of education, but of home influence. We are speaking of the pressure exercised by society to fix women in one sphere of activity to the exclusion of all others, the popular notion being that women are brought by nature to be wives and mothers, nothing else; and, as they must be wives before they are mothers, the whole effort of their training goes to make them pleasing, in order that man may be attracted to marry them. Furthermore, as they are to marry very early, it follows naturally that they must please by those attractions which most powerful in youth, namely, sexual attractions. Hence their attention is concentrated upon their person, their dress, and all the provocations of coquettishness. Their mind remains undeveloped; all, chance in years without requiring those qualities of slower growth which alone can adorn maturity; and when they have captured a husband, the entire subserviency made for companionship with him." The consequence of this state of thing finds illustration everywhere.

Alexandre Dumas says of society in France, in his preface to "L'Ami des Femmes:" "Society is threatened with destruction; no household is secure from the disorders it inaugurates; they steal themselves at every board. * * * No matter, let them come; they can destroy nothing but what is worthy of destruction; they will rid us of the ruins and the rubbish which would hinder a new building—a building not of the old. Their mission is to destroy in the society of our day the element which has proved fatal to all societies gone by, the most pernicious element of all things—the idle class. Well, they shall have enough to do. Labor, property will renew itself by labor; when they shall have decomposed our families, better families will constitute themselves. They will furnish, together with their victims, the means of good by the social soil for its mysterious germs. When there is nothing more to prey upon, they will die of inanition, and woman will be regenerated by suffering."

This is the state of society against which we are warned, and which it is predicted will engulph us to turn unless we educate our women to a higher standard, and rid ourselves of our idle men. Before the reign of Edward III. the word said for gentleman was idleman, the meaning of which was freeborn. In the reign of Henry VI. the word knave was given to idleman, the word having the same meaning. It is to be feared that too many in our day confuse the word with idle man in their definition of a gentleman; but, as Ruskin says, "Its primal, literal, and general sense is 'man of gentle race,' well-bred, in the sense that a horse or a dog is well-bred. The term has nothing whatever to do with the false meaning given to it now—that of a person living in idleness on other people's labor." When idleman in this sense is no longer associated with gentlemen, may we not hope that the false idea that an idle man is a gentleman will fade out of the world? Then no one individual can be found to make the boast which some American men have been said to make, namely, that they have never earned a dollar in their lives!" Some women are the same as well as the man who works, should rise in the social as well as in the moral scale; and they will so rise in the society of all true gentlemen and all true gentlewomen. Every attempt to the want of a thorough understanding of the real meaning of this word gentleman to the fact that, while there are many who assert that the more a man works the more of one he is likely to become, they hold, at the same time to the error, that race is of no consequence: the truth being that race is precisely of as much consequence in man as it is in any other animal. And that high race in education can prosper till both these errors are got rid of; that gentlemen have to learn that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's labor; that it is the duty of education in the hardest manual or the humblest servile labor, when it is honest: and that those who deny the existence of transmitted qualities have to learn that every vice and habitual chronic disease communicates itself by descent; and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or by recklessness at birth, degraded; until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a well-bound and the vilest mongrel cur. The knowledge of this great fact, he adds, ought to regulate the education of our youth, and the entire conduct of the nation. The same writer tells us, "Gentlemanliness, however, ordinary parlance, must be taken to signify those qualities which are usually the evidence of high breeding, and which, so far as they can be acquired, it should be every man's effort to acquire or, if he has them by nature, to preserve and exalt." Proceeding to note some of the characteristics of gentlemen, he names sensitiveness, sympathy, self-command, habitual regard for others' feelings, openness, and that form of truthfulness which is opposed to cunning, yet not always opposed to falsity absolute. A cunning person will seize upon opportunities to deceive and to mislead when there is. A cunning person triumphs in deceiving; a gentleman is humiliated by the success; or, at least, by as much of the success as is dependent merely on the deception. A gentleman is not intellectual superiority. The absolute disdain of all forms of falsehood belongs rather to Christian feeling than to more high breeding. Though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great pride of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness."

Let the mothers and teachers of our time bear in mind that, according to the narrowness or the broadness of their interpretation of the words "higher education," will the women of the next generation have testimony to the thoroughness of the work that now lies in their hands; keeping in memory the truth that manners and morals are so intimately blended with each other that the attempt to separate them is fatal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New England Clubs Prosperous Celibacy.

To that later class which the neither rich nor poor the club is a most cherished haunt. A young man on some four or five hundred dollars a year, or a man of middle age with the wealthiest poor can scarcely command. On an annual subscription of fifty dollars and his entrance fee, of some eight or ten guineas a year, he finds himself part owner of a splendid house, with all the little luxuries or necessities, where repairs and dilapidations never concern him, where attentive servants wait upon his every want, and where everything that is provided is of the very best, for it is the interest of the committee to have it so, because where retirement can be obtained without the depressing sense of solitude, and where comfort is secured to him without the cares and dangers of intrusion—in short, a home always well-appointed, always bright, and ready to call for the simplest or most elaborate luxuries. One of the most prominent consequences of this institution of the clubs has been to render celibacy so desirable, that matrimony, instead of being the natural object of the young man, is looked upon in the light of a sacrifice. To marry, unless on an income which is the exception, signifies the exchange of club with its pleasures, its many agreeable luxuries, and all its disciplined requirements, for the uncertainties of domestic bliss, the worries of housekeeping, and the servitude of family restraint. Under the old régime of which I write, the attitude of young matrimony was regarded as the panacea for all the ills that bachelordom was heir to, and a man married in a spirit of self-sacrificing friendship of a home. Whereas now, in that one solid mass that is safer exhaustive to the uncertain advantages of matrimony, the question is asked, "Why should I marry?" asks the celibate. "What are the advantages that marriage can bring to counterbalance the disadvantages? At present with my income I am well off, the club supplies me with all I want, and my few requirements are unfettered. If I marry, I descend at once to be a poor man, with all the mortifications and petty economies that that implies. My chance of marriage are all very well, but what if they should not? I am then left a victim to my companionship. It has been the fate of others, why should it not be mine? Even in a happy marriage how few years elapse before the husband is left a widower with a family to educate and portion. Then there is the question of children, and the chances of their being a disappointment?

AN INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the mighty deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
The independent farmer.
When first the mast to robe of green
Unfurls its virtuous finding,
Around his cottage porch is seen
The emerging fire climbing.
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
When skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird cinoks behind the plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
The orchard blooms behind its boughs
The boasts of future cheer.
The gray and old barn doors unfold,
His sacred temple in the meadow,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A blessed precious treasure.
While yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
The independent farmer.

To him the Spring comes gladdened,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with goodly joy,
His sleep old Winter hushes.
He cares not how the world moves,
No doubts and fears confound him,
His little flock is linked in love,
And beautiful equal round him.
He trusts to God and loves his wife,
Nor grieves if ill may harm her.
He's nature's nobleman in life—
The independent farmer.

DOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER," "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED-TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

When Dot's short, hurried conference with Lisbeth was over that afternoon, and she ran down the cottage garden, hastening home to see that all was prepared for Reginald's coming, Jack joined her at the gate.

He was looking somewhat moody, and Dot scarcely liked to meet the glance of his blue eyes so she walked beside him up the lane, swinging her sunshade with a nervous motion of air, for she knew what he was going to say as well as if the words were uttered. Did he think a week's pleasant intercourse could make him equal in dignity to her best friends? No, indeed! High up on a pinnacle in her heart stood Rex and Arthur—the two names always seemed to come together. Jack's name was far below. But Jack's handsome face had a wonderful grace, and he was the first man whose eyes had spoken the full truth. However, she managed to hurry from him and gain her room.

Dot's room was the same that had been hers in the old home days. It was over the schoolroom, and had a long low window commanding a fine view of the Fell and the meadows round the village.

When Dot came slowly down stairs the party had entered the hall, and Arthur was talking to Mary. Rex sprang to meet her.

"My darling!" he cried, and held her hands. "Arthur, come here and speak to Dot."

And Arthur turned, and walked eagerly across the hall.

"Dot, dear Dot!" he cried.

He held her hand tightly. Rex had placed it in his friend's, for Arthur was so changed to her that Dot was trembling with shyness. He looked so strong, so stately, like a knight of old, she thought. Arthur, prince of knights, might have had just such a noble presence, just such steadfast, tender eyes.

"We are both changed, my dear," he said, recognizing the meaning of her look, "but friends still, Dot, aren't we?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she replied

"Will you see the tea is made, Dot?" said Margaret, kindly, breaking in on those few words of greeting.

And Dot, meeting once more with a radiant smile the glance of Arthur's eyes, walked off to the dining-room in a strange rapture of happiness. Jack was quite forgotten in the joy she felt at seeing Rex and Arthur again.

But the tea-pot from the boiling urn, imparted some graceful touches to the tea-table, and then sat down by the open window to await the reappearance of the party. Rex came first, and was at her side in a moment.

"Dot," he exclaimed eagerly, "Margaret says you are great friends with Jack Murphy and his sister. Are you really, dear?"

"We are friends, Rex," said Dot, flushing up.

"But look here, Dot—while Arthur is down, do let us have one happy life at the old times. The Murphys are all very well, but I want to have nobody but you and Arthur and myself. Come now, promise me."

"But I will," said Dot, looking really frightened, for Rex was very much in earnest "I will for the next few days, but after——"

After! Well, what then?"

"I can't go out with you always. I have promised Lisbeth——"

"Promised nonsense! She must see that she can't have such a claim on you as we have."

"But, Rex——"

Margaret came in at that moment with Mary and Arthur close behind, and they took their places at the table, and the conversation became general. But sat by her father, opposite to Arthur, who could just see her dark eyes across the great fern that ornamented the centre of the table. Margaret was next to him, and they kept up a lively conversation, while Rex told Dot and the Vicar his college news, and Mary, as usual, was very quiet.

"Are the Murphy's coming to-night, Dot" asked Margaret after tea, when a walk was proposed.

"No, I think not," Dot replied, coloring, for Arthur's eyes were fixed on her curiously.

"We will go and see the sunset on the Fell proposed Rex.

"Not I," said the Vica smiling. "Nor I," refused Mary.

"And you, Margaret ?" asked Rex.—"You, I should like it."

"Wrap yourself up warmly, Dot," said Mary. "The breeze is chilly."

She ran down to get her shawl. Rex was waiting in the hall when she came down.

"Arthur and Margaret are gone on. I want to speak to you."

Dot slipped her hand within her brother's arm.

"What is it, dear ? Don't let us have any mysteries or concealments, Rex. I feel as if something had come between us."

"Look here," her brother said eagerly. "Margaret has been saying a lot about you and the Murphys. Is it true, Dot ? Do you—is Jack Rut with you, dear?"

"Oh, Rex, how can you! You cannot think it for a moment. You are first always, dear."

"And Arthur ?"

"First, too, after you Rex. What silliness It is to ask such questions!"

"No, my dear. Mind, we neither think of blaming you. Of course some day somebody will stand before me, but I shouldn't like to be Jack. He will if I ever be ?"

Dot stopped. The question she had been asking her own heart was put to her again.

"Never before you, Rex; but—but—" The brilliant flush dyeing her face, trembling lips—told Rex the rest.

"I see, my dear," he said sorrowfully, and he stopped and kissed her. "Heaven bless you, Dot!"

"What shall I say? How will you know what I mean ?" was her eager answer. "Rex, dear Rex, why should I keep this secret from you ? Jack asked me to-day, and I—I don't know. Would you be sorry, dear ?"

"Not if you were happy. Would it make you happy ?"

"He is going to India," she answered, somewhat vaguely. "I told him—Rex, let us forget it," she broke off. "I will think of nothing but our old happy days while you and Arthur are here."

"Better if we none of us think of anything else," said Rex, under his breath, adding aloud, "I won't say any more, Dot. Let it rest, as you say."

"But she loves him," the young man thought, "and poor Arthur's chance is gone, and our dream is over."

CHAPTER VII.

The next two days were very wet. Dot kept her word, and scarcely went to think of nothing else but the pleasant old days of long ago. The schoolroom was a welcome resort in wet weather, with a great fire crackling in the grate and the crimson curtains hanging out the new guests of wind. Here Dot and Rex and Arthur spent their mornings, turning over old books and sketches, and talking over the thousand reminiscences that came back so readily from the storehouse of the past. They revived their old games, too, and Dot was beaten again by Arthur over the same chess-board that had been the scene of so many defeats.

Oh, they were charmed days! The Murphys seemed to be forgotten, except when some remark of Margaret's would make Dot color and the others look unconfortable. But Sunday arrived, and when they came out of church it was only neighborly to stop and shake hands, and Rex could not resist being charmed with Lisbeth's frank face, and the greeting lengthened into a half-dozen minutes' conversation between Lisbeth and Rex and Dot and Jack, while Arthur and Mary and Margaret walked on.

Lisbeth drew Dot aside when they reached the gate.

"I am in despair," she whispered. "I cannot understand Chancer, and Jack does not, and my questions are unanswered yet. Can you come and help me to-morrow ?"

"Not to-morrow. I am going to walk across the Fell to Wildman's Knoll with Rex and Arthur."

"Tuesday then?, Oh, please do! They can do without you one morning."

"Yes, I will on Tuesday," promised Dot. And they parted.

She shook hands with Jack. Poor Jack! Dot was feeling very sure just now that she did not care for him—she had lived so easily without a sight of him the past four days.

"I shall see you on Tuesday," was his delighted whisper.

Arthur's face was rather moody when Dot came into the dining room, but it brightened up as she talked to him across the dinner table, and he almost forgot Jack and everything but the beauty of her face. For Arthur's dream, treasured up all those years, of loving Dot one day as the queen of his life, had turned into intense reality. It needed but a touch from the enchanter's wand to change the chivalrous affection he had felt for his child-friend to wild passionate worship and love of Dot, now a woman.

"Will any one walk to Melton with me this afternoon ?" he asked, for the weather was bright and sunny after the rain. "I want to hear Mr. Bacon preach once more."

"Dot, you must volunteer," said her father, with a smile. "Your class is not a very serious one. I can't do without your singing or the boys, Margaret."

"Nor without me to help you with the lessons," said Rex. "Give my love to old Streaky, if you see him, Dot. And tell him not to forget the holiday that is to be given when I am plucked."

It was a pleasant walk to Melton in the breezy Spring afternoon, all along a broad footpath, and through meadows where the river had not overflowed. It was not a long walk, allowing plenty of time to reach home again for the evening service, but Dot and Arthur must have been strangely absent-minded, for the twilight had fallen and the "Magnificat" was being sung when they passed the old church on their road to the Vicarage again.

Everybody but the old nurse had gone, as the custom was, to church, but the truants' tea was laid for them and the lamp was lighted.

They sat some time over their tea, and tried to talk easily and naturally. But it was no good playing at being boy and girl; deeper feelings were stirring in both their hearts. Dot, with the consciousness of what love really was, already smiled at what she had fancied it only a week before. If Dot thought of Jack at all, it was only to decide that his feelings must be like hers, mere bursts of friendliness.

Arthur lingered over their tea, enjoying the delight of being alone, not talking much but perfectly happy, a knock sounded on the hall-door.

"Only nurse is deaf, and will never hear! I will go."

"Let me," said Arthur; and he was up and out in a moment.

It was Mrs. Murphy's little Phyllis.

"Please, sir, Mr. Jack has sent up this book to Miss Dorothy from Miss Lisbeth, who's gone to church. There is a note inside it, sir, and please be sure and give it to Miss Dorothy."

"Very well." And he closed the door, and went back with no very pleasant expression on his face.

"Something for you, Dot, from —— Dot," he broke off, "what has that fellow got to say to you that he need write notes, and ——"

Dot opened the book and took out the offending missive.

"I don't see why you should call him a fellow, Arthur."

"Read your letter," he answered.

"That is soon done," she said, glancing over the few words, but coloring deeply. "It is merely a reminder of my promise for Tuesday."

"Tuesday! You are going to Harbington with us," said Arthur.

"Indeed I'm not. I am going down to Murphy's to see Lisbeth."

"Lisbeth? Dot, you are sadly changed—if you can prevaricate."

"Arthur" cried Dot in surprise.

"What can I think?" he exclaimed passionately. "Once, Dot, you would not have treated me like this!"

"You are hard to please," and Dot's cheeks flushed with anger. "What do you object to in my conduct, pray ? It is you that are unjust, Arthur."

"Am I, Dot? We are old friends to quarrel. Why are you going down there on Tuesday? You surely can be frank with me."

"I am going because I promised."

"Why did you promise ?"

"Because—because Arthur, I will not be cross-examined in this way. I suppose I am allowed to choose my own mode of passing the time."

"I won't interfere with your freedom," he returned bitterly.

"Thank you!"—"Oh, Dot !" he murmured.

Dot tried to answer, but his pained tremulous tone broke down her calmness.

"You—you are so cross," she sobbed; and she leant her head down on the mantlepiece, and burst into tears.

"Dot—darling Dot!" He came to her side for a moment, and drew her hands from her eyes. He would have kissed away her tears, and all would have been told, and how much sorrow spared, but voices sounded in the garden, and stops on the gravel, and Dot caught away her hand and left the room.

* * * * * * * *

"I suppose you don't care to join them in their walk?" said the Vicar to Margaret the next morning at breakfast. Rex had just been planning a day's delightful excursion across the Fell,

"I have not been asked to go, papa," said Margaret shortly.

"I am sure we shall be delighted if you come, and it will be very pleasant," said Arthur politely.

"Why don't you ask the Murphys to join us?" inquired Margaret with a glance at, Dot. "They were so much here before you came—it seems rude to neglect them."

"Ask them by all means," said Rex. "Ask the whole village, you know, and the man in the moon. We shall have a delightful day."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," Margaret returned mildly. She seemed determined not to lose her temper. "I suppose no one has any objection to my going ?"

"Of course not," said Dot hastily.

"And I know, dear," continued Margaret, "you will like Lisbeth to come. You must have missed her. We won't make strangers of you any more, Rex and Arthur. It is too bad of you to keep poor Dot so much from her."

"If Dot prefers any one to us, can't she say so?" exclaimed Rex hotly. "There is no need for you to be her spokesman."

"My dear boy, don't lose your temper," said the Vicar mildly. "Dot is quite right in desiring Lisbeth's company, and Arthur while you are here, but, as Margaret says, she was a great deal with the Murphys before you came, and it seems odd to neglect them now, and of course Dot will like to see Lisbeth. Ask them to-day by all means."

"Do you want them?" asked Rex.

Arthur was looking steadily at Dot when Rex asked her the question, and a question sharply. She colored, and flashed back a look of defiance at Margaret.

"What does it matter one way or another," she said, "if Margaret wants them."

"I want them. Their eyes were friends. The question is, Ought we to be polite to them or not? A week ago, Dot, you were with Lisbeth and her brother morning, noon and night. Now you are with them once, and don't want them. Do be consistent! Such friendship as yours is not worth having."

"It has nothing to do with friendship. If Rex and Arthur care for them, I am sure I shall be very glad."

"That settles the matter, I should think," remarked Arthur quietly. "I should be sorry to make you neglect your friends, Dot."

A hot indignant reproval of her holding Arthur above all other friends in the world was on Dot's lips, but something kept her silent. The consciousness that she no longer felt friendship for Arthur, but something far, far deeper, sealed her lips and made her shun his questioning troubled glance. Poor Arthur! He thought it was a very different feeling that made her shun finish and hurry away from her, for refuse to utter any protest against the plan which so utterly spoiled the day's enjoyment.

The Fates were against their happiness. Margaret carried her point and the Murphy's were asked, and gladly consented to join the walking party.

It was a lovely day. The skies were brightly blue, and the Spring was in the freshness of its tender glory. It was still early when they set out, carrying their luncheon.

"You had better devote yourself to your friends," said Rex angrily to poor Dot; and he left her to the Murphys, while he, Margaret, and Arthur made up a doleful trio. But, when they reached the Fell, and there were heavy boulders to climb over, and Arthur gave his hand to Margaret, Rex turned mechanically back to assist Lisbeth. As Lisbeth looked very fresh and pretty, and her manner was pleasant and piquant, and her voice like a bell, Rex found it delightful work to help her over the rocks and chatter freely nonsense with her. So Dot and Jack were left to amuse each other.

They took their way silently over the rocks for some time. Dot was vexed and cross, and could hardly be civil to poor Jack. He, however, esteemed his own merits far too highly to be troubled with any jealousy of Arthur, and was blissfully unconscious of any change in Dot.

"Poor Lisbeth will be glad when you can come over again," he said laughing. "She is in an awful' fog about decimals."

"Is she?" returned Dot. It was the only subject on which she felt she could talk that morning, and she seized it eagerly. "I'm afraid I don't know them clearly. The circulating decimals always puzzle me; I can't understand the proof."

"Lisbeth understands. Look here." And he began demonstrating eagerly, and Dot listened and grew interested till they found they were not making much progress, and hastened to join the rest of the party. They came up with them near the top of the Fell.

Margaret was sitting on a rock with her foot on another, and the others looked much concerned.

"You sure have you been ?" cried Rex, more crossly perhaps than he had ever before spoken to Dot. "Margaret has sprained her ankle. I do wish people would be content with their own affairs for a little."

"That's it," said Margaret. "First abuse poor Dot for pleasing herself without hurting anybody, and then poor me."

"Do you think you can walk home?" inquired Arthur quietly. "If you can manage with the help of my arm, suppose the others go on"

"Well, as you and I, Arthur, are not wanted by the rest of the party," said Margaret, laughing, "we may just as well help each other. I will have your arm, and you shall laugh at me by way of amusement."

"We'll all go back, and come again to-morrow," proposed Rex.

Lisbeth cast an appealing glance at Dot.

"To-morrow it the last day, and my exercises pending paper is half done," she whispered, and Dot said aloud—

"Suppose we give it up altogether?"

"Why won't you come to-morrow, Dot?" asked her brother.

Dot promised to help Lisbeth with some thing."

"I am sure it can be put off."—"I have promised," said Dot coldly.

"Poor Dot!" interposed Margaret. "You vivimise her, Rex. Come, Arthur, I think I can manage to hobble. I advise all of you good people to go and enjoy yourselves."

"Well, we will have luncheon first," said Rex "and then you can go home, and we can ramble a little farther. We may as well give up our exercises now."

It was a doleful meal, for the Vicarage party were all thoroughly uncomfortable and annoyed with each other. Arthur scarcely spoke a word, and Dot could not meet his eyes, though she glanced at him often, paying little heed to Jack's remarks. Lisbeth was the only light-hearted one of the party, and talked and laughed to her bright, merry way.

When the dreary meal was over, Margaret and Arthur set off on their return home, and the others turned in the other direction for a shorter cut across the rocks. Lisbeth and Rex walked on, apparently well pleased with each other.

We must amuse each other," said Jack with a smile, stopping to look back on the landscape that broadened beneath them as they climbed the Fell.

Dot looked too, but she saw nothing of the green meadows and the warmly tinted hills. Her eyes caught the two figures slowly making their way homewards, and her heart swelled and her thoughts grew bitter as she remembered Arthur's averted gaze and altered manner.

"You are tired," said Jack, in a moment. He had turned from the view to look at her face, and he saw how pale she was how frail and delicate.

"I am tired," admitted Dot. "My head aches a little too."

"Sit down here," urged Jack. "You are not strong enough for such long walks. Come, Miss Dot, I'm sorry."

He rolled a large stone for her feet, and arranged her shawl that she might lean back against it and feel the rough rock.

"Oh," he said, when she tried to thank him, "you must know how happy it makes me to do anything for you!"

Dot colored painfully, but did not answer him. Jack kept his eyes on her face, gazing impressionably into it, unconsciously growing in his heart that he had lost his chance of winning her. He knew it, but still he spoke.

"I wish I could make you look at me as you did a few days ago," he said. "You don't care for me any longer."

"I wish you wouldn't speak so," she told him, after a pause. "I am sure we are very good friends."

"Friends! That is a cold word,"

"The truest, best of words," Dot exclaimed eagerly. "We shall be friends for years, I hope."

"Friends!" he repeated, and then paused; but Dot did not speak—she was startled at the trouble his face betrayed.

"What do you mean by offering me friendship?" he demanded. "You gave me hopes of a better gift once."

"Did I? I was wrong if I did. Indeed, indeed it could never have been. Don't let us talk about it. Jack, I am selfish, but I am so miserable. Everything seems at cross-purposes."

"Will you speak plainly?" exclaimed Jack. He too, poor fellow, was miserable, and prone to exalt his own suffering above every one else's. "Don't you care for me?"

"A little," acknowledged Dot wearily. She was tired, and her eyes kept following the two figures down in the broad meadow by the Vicarage. She was thinking what Arthur and Margaret were talking about. "I like you as one of my friends, but I shall be more a week or two ago, I thought perhaps. But I was silly and thoughtless, and did not know my own heart. Please forgive and forget me?"

"I must forget before I can forgive," cried Jack, flushing with sudden and keen temper. "You have been making a toy of a human heart, Dorothy Warne. "You might have left me alone, and not raised me up to thoughts of better things, only to send me back again into the depths of despair. You don't care—you smile and offer me friendship! Great Heaven! Have I been dreaming?"

Dot jumped up and looked him in the face.

"It was not my fault that you loved me," she cried. "I would love you if I could, for nobody else cares for me. Jack don't be cruel! Pity me! I am miserable, too! My heart has been given in vain, too, but I sha'n't despair. I shall try to bear it and do my duty, and so must you, Jack."

She put her hand on his shoulder, and kept her eyes on his face.

"You will go to India, and be a happy and a good man, and comfort your mother's heart," she said.

"I shall go to the bad," he declared, groaning. "My last chance is gone. If you would have loved me, Dot, I would have stood as an effort and got free, but they may take me now and welcome—the sooner the better !"

"Take you ?" queried Dot.

"To prison," he explained recklessly. "There are two people's little more, and I may be taken in an hour. An eligible lover, am I not? If you had loved me, if—— But women reckon on such conquests as you have made, don't they—stirring the Indian world to murder does his scalps? I wish you joy of your victory. You have ruined a man's life—not the first, perhaps—but you could not have cared so unless you were a proficient in the game."

"It is false! If you are ruined, it is your own work. You sha'n't shift the burden of your idleness and extravagance on to me," Dot exclaimed, passionately. "How dare you? How can you be so cruel? Oh, what shall I do? I am so miserable!"

"Well, good people," cried Lisbeth's gay voice, "perhaps you will tell us next time you intend to stay behind. Lazy creatures!" she added, as she and Rex came up, laughing and scattering gaily.

"I have a headache," said Dot, who looked thoroughly ill.

The Murphy's were going back to the Vicarage for tea, and they walked together down the vale. Dot half expected Jack to make some excuse and leave them; but he, poor fellow, was not brave enough to give up any chance of seeing Dot during the lovely face, though its sorrow and its expression of indifference to him drove him half mad.

Tea was laid in the cool pleasant parlor; Mary had filled the room with bright Spring flowers, and through the open window the cool evening breeze blew pleasantly in.

"We have spent such a delightful afternoon," said Margaret from the sofa. "Arthur and I have planned chase, and he has been reading the Contemporary to me. I thought of you with pity upon that hot hill."

"Don't waste pity on us," exclaimed Rex, stealing a look at Lisbeth's fresh cheeks. "I never thought the Fell so beautiful. We won't be pitied, will we, Miss Lisbeth ?"

"No, indeed," she said, answering his glance very frankly and gaily. "I am quite content. I am sorry, Miss Margaret, that you were not able to go on. The afternoon light was lovely."

"I wish we could go across the Fell as we arranged first," resolved Rex. "Miss Lisbeth, is this business you and Dot have together of such very great importance that it cannot be put off?"

Both blushed, and looked shyly across the table at Dot. But Dot was gazing steadily at her plate, and Lisbeth said falteringly—

"I don't see why we could not put it off. Don't you think we could, Dot?"

Dot's head ached as if it were in a glance of grave wonderment. But Rex did not give her time to speak.

"There, Dot!" he exclaimed. "Why, you look fagged to death. Lisbeth shall go."

Lisbeth laughed nervously, and Rex colored brightly as he remembered he had called her by her pretty baptismal name. But he hurried on—

"It is a fancy of mine never to leave a thing undone that has been once decided on. Do let us settle to try our luck again to-morrow. Mr. Murphy, what say you?"

"I shall be delighted," returned Jack eagerly "But I am afraid Miss Dot is scarcely strong enough for such long walks. She was so tired to-day."

Rex did not notice the tender diminutive the young man used, but Arthur's brow grew dark with anger.

He had been standing by Margaret's table, handing her a cup of tea as Jack spoke, and Margaret's quick eyes saw the pain and anger in his. She smiled up at him sweetly.

"I am sure you are going back to-morrow, Arthur. I feel so distressed that I should have only been."

"I certainly shall not be of the party to-morrow," returned Arthur, with a hasty laugh. "I hope you will let me drive you to Harbington. I heard you mention that you would like to go over this week."

"Oh, how very thoughtful! I want to go so very much. It is dear Dot's birthday on Friday, and I must get her some little present. What do you think she would like?"—this in a delightful confidential tone. "You know so much of the dear child's tastes, you know."

"Do I?" questioned Arthur, with a bitter smile. "I thought so once, but I have found out my mistake. Shall I give you some cake, Miss Margaret?"

And Arthur went back to his place at the table, and found that everybody else had finished, and Jack and the Vicar were having a lively argument about the Colonies, and Rex was talking soft nothings to pretty blushing Lisbeth, and Dot sitting pale and quiet, speaking to nobody.

"So the excursion over the Fell is coming off to-morrow, after all," he said to Dot, trying to smile at her in his old pleasant way, but failing somewhat miserably.

"I believe so," she replied.

At that moment Mary rose from the table, and the whole party made a movement towards the open windows, from which the garden, where now the sunset light fell softly over the lawn and flower beds, could be reached.

Dot let the others pass her along the gravel walk, Jack with the Vicar, Rex with Lisbeth, and she stepped and looked back wistfully at Arthur. He had gone back to Margaret's side, and was having some playful conversation with her, for she heard Margaret's low laugh. He left the room then, and went into the hall, and Dot could quietly escape. She took the open hall door Arthur had gone up-stairs for a book, and she waited there for him, her heart beating painfully.

"What, Dot!" he exclaimed, as he came down, book in hand.

"Aren't you coming into the garden ?" she asked, glancing at him with shy, pitiful eyes. "I want to show you my roses. They are budding so finely."

He hesitated and looked into her face. Something in her manner made him feel as if the old dream might be something more than a dream after all.

"I am going to read to Margaret," he answered; "but I must see your rose-trees, Dot. Do wait one moment. I am wanted for the examination; but I have given you up altogether now. I don't believe you care whether the mother has enough to live on or not. You know as well as I do that you cannot do your work to do if you mean to live, and you know you are wasting your time at the Vicarage."

Lisbeth might have replied to her brother in a like spirit, but she dared not. She only answered meekly that she would be ready for the Fell on the morrow, and that she had a long morning for work; and then she lighted her candle and went towards the door. But she stopped and said timidly—

"Does nanana know that you are going on Saturday ?"

"No; I shall not tell 'her," Jack replied "What would be the good ?"

"And shall you go to the school-house on Friday ?"

"Of course I shall—I would go off to-morrow if I were not for that. I shall go to the school-house, and that will be the end of all of it. I wish I were dead !"

Lisbeth was too used to her brother's fits of energy and despair to notice what he said, and, lightly up stairs, thinking not of her brother, nor of the examination, but of Rex.

While she lay thinking of Rex, Dot was feeling her cause for pain. She could not go round her, thinking too—not of Arthur exactly, but of her promise to Lisbeth, for the morrow, and how far she was called on to keep that to Lisbeth's behavior. Arthur was going to Harbington with Margaret in the afternoon, and he had asked her to give up the morning altogether to him. But not had answered him then, and now she was thinking it all over.

Lisbeth never could go to the school-house, and losing the morning meant losing the whole day, which implied that the paper she was working at could not be sent, and so a whole month's work lost. Was she almost cruelly selfish? Travelers, wherever you be—England, men, Americans, here or abroad—hear the sad wife pour out her heart to you! Pity the lonely, and the good fame of your country extend by its agreeable to its inhabitants! Dot's self-reproach, by not pressing hard on your neighbors in a crowded vehicle, by giving place to those who are worn and tired, by thinking of yourselves, by extending to those around you, so come within reach of your notice, any protection within your superior ability or strength, or health may have put in your possession ! The "promise of mind" to catch those opportunities of difficult Christian kind Dot's is one the graces which we should value as among the most valued we can possess. It is the mind's endeavor to strengthen by prayer, by habit, by remembering that God, in whose presence we live, is ever regarding the inward frame of mind, which makes us ever "present" with Him, and ever "present" to the call of our fellow-creatures.

Heine and His Religion.

There was nothing that Heine abandoned more utterly than Judaism, and yet nothing that he loved better. Indeed, it was because, as every one knows, against his better self, he qualify for preferment which he never obtained. That he never believed in the doctrines of Judaism, but he had loved its exquisite customs, and he ought to do the honors of them with reverent affection. True that he once said to Julianin that it was not a religion, but a misfortune; true that he spoke of it as a faith of dark-robed ugliness and the gorgeous rainbow clothing of many of the chosen people of his time. But in his story of the "Rabbi of Bacharach" a fragment only: there is a glowing and sympathetic description of the celebration of the incoming Sabbath, and of the family gathering round the table more closely together by the celebration of the Sabbath-day meal. And a memorable scene when gentle and kind hospitality is offered to the stranger by those who remember how they, too, are all alike strangers in this land. There is a poem in which he describes how the money getting, groveling animal Jew becomes transformed by the touch of the sacred wand for the Sabbath as for a Princess at whose grand coming all should bear the appearance of a joyful holiday. A wife and child should fail to be touched by these. But it was not only because of their beauty that they appealed to him. These observances, he commended because they were family observances, and Heine held that it was a proper ince of religion to cherish them. He turns again and again to the religion of the Greeks and declares that the best result of religion should be "holy stores and the guarding of memories and mysteries ancestors had taught." Even the subject of Heine's fun with others a family religion. At the greater holidays the members of a family invariably assemble at the ancestral home. The story of the Passover at the Feast of Booths, and at the end of the Fast Day of Atonement. Thus those festivals have a value quite apart from any religious meaning that may be attached to them. And the deep vein of family character, that the Jewish creed was praised by Heine. Nor did he fail to see the gentle beauty that existed in the creed of Judaism—the Roman Catholic Church. In an exquisite poem, "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," he describes how the Virgin with mercy and wisdom, answered the prayer of a mother whose child was dead, and who could could heal. In this poem is a sort of refrain, "Gnadet sterai du Marie," which is used with all truth and beauty. Such a poem could have been written by the most faithful believer.

The poor are only they who feel poor and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon riches, are those who feel rich, and in a true search would be found very indigent and ragged.

The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the matter of error. He that tells me of a fault aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not, faithful in plain admonishment not tainted with flattery.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth which we have been tempted to part with for gain, ambitious hopes and all the bright hopes, and all the bright heroics that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

We cannot be held to what is beyond our strength and means, for if we could, the accomplishment and execution may not be in our power; and, indeed, there is nothing really in our power, except the will; on this are necessarily based and founded all the principles that regulate the duty of man.

FIRST A COLD AND THEN ANOTHER ON TOP OF IT, until the accompanying cough became settled and confirmed—is the sad story of many a Consumptive. How much better to use that safe curative, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, on the first appearance of danger, when the symptoms may be easily controlled?

She Wants Courage.

BY J. S. W.

"How his face brightens when he tells you about his mother's courage at Lucknow just before he was born! She nursed the sick and helped the wounded up to the very last.

"I like him best, Laura," said Mrs. Rennie, "when he says, carelessly and quietly, how he asked what became of her. 'She died when I was a week old.' Poor fellow! he tries to speak carelessly."

"Ah, and Laura Balmouch," but you can see his lips quiver, do you not?"

"Yes; and he is not any the less manly for that. Believe me, Laura, that the unemotional man is not necessarily the bravest nor the best. Of course at the same time I detest your more sentimental individual."

"Quite so. How comes Becky?"

Three entered one of the most frankest-looking and most fluffy-melting girls in the world.

This was Becky Formey, and a brilliant contrast with maid-looking, soft-voiced Laura Balmouch.

They were very different, and Rebecca had all the advantages on her side until you looked long enough. Then you discovered, perhaps, that in all probability Laura's temperament, like Miss Primrose's dress, was made to wear well.

Strange it is, indeed, how even a minute's time may change first impressions.

"What do you think?" said Becky, with an imperial laugh.

"What, Rebecca?" asks Mrs. Rennie.

"The hotel has within the last hour received an added distinction—that of a real live Italian! The Dora Fondero d'Este. There! what do you thing of that?"

"Admirable name" replies Mrs. Rennie.

"Is he good looking"—have you seen him, Becky?"

"I have seen him, Lolly, and as to his looks, stock-depends upon individual taste. For my part, I should not like down as a modern edition of Tom Dartwig, or the latest shape of Marco Spada, but I have no doubt half the girls in the place will pronounce him exquisite—accept his title without inquiry, and be delighted to have him at their picnics. In other words, he is quite a handsome ruffian."

"I quite long to see him," said amiable Mrs. Rennie.

"It will be done at dinner, and mark me everybody will be awed."

But it is time that the reader should be made acquainted with the place and persons that know Dora Fondero d'Este.

For the place then—it was late fashionable in Lausanne, that half-English and wholly Protestant town, metropolis of the Canton de Vaud, which one of the greatest of Englishmen were perhaps the fondest and certainly the most colossal, prose work ever produced, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Yes, we are in Lausanne, where the now neglected Gibbon wrote his marvellous work.

Over the lake you see Savoy, round the corner to the left is the eight-sided castle of Chillon; while behind run the Jura mountains dropping confusedly into the Bernese chain.

Here, at an hotel in the environs, are assembled a number of persons, chiefly English, who are passing the Summer in Switzerland, and their time, for the chief part, in running each other down in the most frivolous manner.

It is said that a F. and O steam-packet is the most sensational of all places in the world where the English most do congregate.

After that place, assuredly a summer hotel in Switzerland, or a Winter one in Malta, or any other city or town on the shores of the Mediterranean, is the next headquarters of British scandal.

Now for the persons. Mrs. Rennie was one of those cheery bodies—a widow, of course—who pioneer young ladies into society for a season. There are hundreds of such pleasant ladies in existence.

They become chaperones to wards in charge every year, and bring up young ladies reared for their benefit under their superintendence, and while, perhaps, the parents are at home in England hard at work making fortunes.

These wonderful ladies are good souls enough for the greater part, and, if they have a spirit of match-making, who shall blame them.

Mrs. Rennie was one of the very best of this class of ladies. Honorable, educated, frank, good-humored, she was the best of guides.

Her two protegés were Laura Balmouch and Miss Rebecca Formey, each the daughter of a personal friend.

Mrs. Rennie was their temporary guardian upon the Continent, and she had elected to stay until the Autumn at the hotel where you find them.

There are three others to whom some lines are due.

Mr. Harris Grey was a man who, locked at behind his back, appeared about twenty-eight or thirty. Observed in a more facial manner, he appeared to be about forty.

In truth he was both. But so astonishing are the beneficial effects of steady and temperate habits applied to a good constitution that he did not appear more than forty, and in the endurance of fatigue, he was quite the equal of a much younger man.

His relationship to Mr. Harry Wolby was such as that of Mrs. Rennie to the young ladies in her charge.

He had Harry Wolby under his charge. He was half-tutor, half-companion, and wholly a friend.

Harry Wolby was but nineteen, and had been born during the troubles at Lucknow.

Whether Mr. Darwin is right or wrong, it is certain that Wolby was strongly and delightfully courageous. He said he inherited this quality of "I don't care" from his father, and his mother, who had calmly moved amongst shot and shell during the siege, as though both were confectionary comfits.

He seemed to do most, but he not quietly to work. Consequently, he was an adept in all pleasant exercises—rowing, swimming, riding, driving, shooting, and a score of other delightful ways of enjoying himself, without doing much good for the world.

Mr. Harris Grey and Mrs. Rennie being accustomed, upon the two parties meeting at Lausanne, to spend the evening quietly, Harry Wolby, Rebecca Formey, and a game given in many hotels amongst its sensational, Harry Wolby and the very young ladies named, were at once thrown into a merry and lively intimacy, and other society during the time that took place.

The announcement the first scene love-making was made by Harry Wolby in the direction of Miss Rebecca Formey.

It was the fall of six weeks, he found his self-control endangered. This change of sentiment was the result of a ballet in her natural and inconsolable cowardice.

"How would you act, mamma?" he said.

Apparently that was true. She flinched when a boat launched carried when a carriage jolted, and shrank from a precipice.

On the other hand, she was not afraid of dance or illness, and on one or two occasions of real danger had shown herself very quiet and patient.

There is one other personage to mention—the Italian nobleman, the new arrival at the hotel, the Dora Fondero d'Este.

Let him first be seen when all the occupants of the hotel first fairly saw him—at the six o'clock dinner, which, in large foreign hotels, brings the gentle face to face for the first time in the day.

He was a tall, handsome, even powerful man, thick in the neck, broad in the forehead and keen of eye.

He was very dark, polite in his behavior, but after a formal and dislocated manner, and his hands were very active during table.

He appeared to be about thirty.

Certainly, if people looked at him, he returned the compliment. His quick roving eyes darted up and down the table, noting, marking everyone at it, and apparently everything the guests wore.

He dined copiously, but drank very little wine.

The news went round the dining-room that he spoke French, German and even English.

He rose when the ladies quitted the table, and followed them to the drawing room, where, as usual, the guests spoke to each other pleasantly and easily of the day's exploits and excursions.

The Dora made himself very gracious with the occupants of the hotel, especially with old Mrs. General Hamper, who wore her diamonds nightly; Mrs. Croker, whose Indian gold was admirable; and old Colonel Punks, who would shout if his leg attempted not to, at ring, that it was given him by the Rance Ram Gouge Bhang in the year 30.

The Dora, whose English was not elegant, but confident, was full of inquiries, and with a curiosity which his bearers set down to the innocent Italian mode of acquiring facts, he asked in a low tone of one who the other was, and in that in a short time he had acquired the names of most of the present ground.

He appeared to have a surprising aptitude for remembering names.

He moved about with a very great deal, chatting first with one group, then with another, all around him; for anybody who knows anything of the manners and customs of the English abroad, need not be told that while our conversations are very rigorous with regard to the routine of introductions as regards their acquaintance, they are always willing to be familiar with foreigners, especially if they intend.

When the Dora reached the group composed of Mrs. Rennie, Mr. Harris Grey, Miss Balmouch, Miss Formey, and Mr. Wolby, he was received most graciously by all four, and they answered his questions with great openness.

They noticed that his eyes were strangely fascinated by the rich diamond locket worn by Becky Formey, and supposed that clothier had a natural and sympathetic attraction for the large, remarkable eyes possessed by this noble person.

He obtained immediately from them the names of several of the ladies in the room.

After a time he moved on, and in a short time he left the drawing-room, saying he was going to indulge to a cigar.

Now, in large continental hotels there is generally a notice board of the rooms set up in the hall. Opposite every number is placed the name of the occupant so that in a moment any one, the inquirer can ascertain the number of the room in which a given person resides.

This management is of some advantage to visitors, and persons residing in the house also require, perhaps, to refresh their memory as to the number of a friend's room.

But it is quite an advantage to a thief. Suppose a rascal sees a given person leave a bank with a handful of notes he follows him to his hotel, and ascertains the name of his victim.

Then a reference to the rooms directory in the hall of the hotel, and he knows the number of the apartment that victim occupies.

He then dismiss himself takes a room at the hotel, and the rest is his business.

Two or three of the inhabitants of the hotel saw the Italian noble studying the rooms directory last mentioned, but as they did not think that they did not take, and therefore spread the alarm.

Persons travelling on the Continent, and be they ever so rich, go to bed early, so as to be even with the morning.

This appears to be the rigorous hour at which, as a rule, the drawing room lights are put out.

The billiard room racket may or may not go on. But, as a rule, even in that dissipated department all is quiet at eleven o'clock.

It was about half past four that Laura and Becky left Mrs. Rennie's quarters, and went to their own, a large double-bedded room which they shared in common.

"Now, Becky and Lolly, Lolly, are going to be wonderful to morrow," said Becky.

"What are you going to accomplish?"

"We are going to row across the lake, and land in France, take lunch, and then row and sail back again."

"Don't—don't—all unless you have a boatman with you. The lake is too treacherous!"

"But one can but die once," said Harry Wolby and I are quite agreed upon that point."

"Do you like him, Becky?"

"As well as I should like any man. My nature is not very feminine. I am rather a tomboy."

"But when you marry?"

"My husband must make the best he can of me."

"But if you should have children?"

"Ha! there you have hit the right nail on the head, Lolly. What a nuisance children are. They entirely shut up a poor woman. Why, there was my best friend, Lucy, I was named after her—she was one of the finest riders in all Yorkshire. Married—never was allowed in the saddle afterwards. Eight sons—all good in the saddle, of course—and as for me, if I did get out with them, they all laughed at her. She had been out of practice for years upon years. I never could live without a scamper across country."

"You are not so courageous?"

"Am I? I was born so, I suppose. At all events, I do not know that I have ever tried to have courage."

"Then you don't have tried to be courageous—but all to no purpose. I am but a poor, timid thing: and I shall never be able to prove that I am anything else. So your are actually going to push across the lake to-morrow with Mr. Wolby? What are you laughing at?"

"To be candid, Isar, I really think that this pull across the lake is only a preparatory business."

"How preparatory?"

"Why, in anticipation of rowing together for life. Oh, yes; I do mean! I have not the least doubt but in the event that Harry Wolby is going to propose to me to-morrow."

"And you will accept him, Rebecca?"

"Of course!"

"But you say you do not love him!"

"Do I? I have she said that I can partake I shall never care for any one then. So I may as well accept him as anybody else."

"Sinful—fool!—It is convenient to marry. Of course I don't suppose that I shall have a house, and go out when I like—in fact do as I like altogether."

Becky was almost shrieked that other. "Have you taken leave of you senses?"

"No; but shall be glad to take leave of the light if you are ready; for I want to be up early in the morning, and to-morrow I am going to sleep the better. Ready? One—two—three. There, I have popped it out, Lolly! And one—two—three, I have jumped into bed! What a lovely moon! Good night!"

"Good night!" said the fair moon's comedy of the friends.

The beads of the narrow beds touched, so that by leaning round from the pillow, the friends could see each other.

"Lolly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did you back the door?"

"Yes! you always ask the same question. If I did not know you to be quite courageous, I should almost fancy you were a coward. I do not believe you could sleep with the door unbacked."

No, I should die with fright. And there is one reason why I like those deep-set French bedsteads. Nobody can get under them. Good night! What a lovely moon!"

"Good night!" said the other.

Now, Becky's face lay turned toward the moonlight and the door.

Laura's face, presently, the heads of the beds being together, Laura could see neither one nor the other.

In a few minutes a few long-drawn, soft sighs, and a stronger breath healthy sleep, told Laura that her friend had fallen into that.

She could not sleep. Her gentle heart was racked with equal remorse and reproach.

The remorse arose from the conviction that she had let Harry Wolby fall ever, because she was timid and wanting in courage.

The reproach arose from her sense of indignation with herself for regretting her friend's good fortune.

But she was young, healthy, and of a clear conscience, so after a time, sleep came wooing her, and with a sigh of hope that she might overcome her wicked selfishness, she, too, fell asleep.

When she awoke, she knew, in a moment, that she had been roused by the vibration of her bedstead.

Her common sense told her that this vibration was caused by the movement of Laura's bedstead against her own.

She was about to speak, when, in the moonlight, lying across the room, she saw a shadow.

In one moment the was mistress of the situation. A thief was in the room, his movements had awakened Becky, and her trembling had aroused Laura herself.

She felt no fear whatever—nothing beyond a sense of defiance, and a desire to overcome the intruder.

The man appeared to move without noise, and very deliberately.

He was at the bellotte table. She knew why before she looked—a diamond locket snarkling between his fingers.

Then he turned softly to the door, and without noise disappeared.

Laura from her bed, and, rapidly putting on her dressing gown, moved after him.

She did not question herself as to her courage or action. She simply got up, led by instinct, and prepared to follow him.

As she passed the other's bed, Rebecca literally leaped upon her.

The next moment she fainted.

Laura left her down gently to the ground, and hurried to the door.

It was locked.

For a moment she asked herself if she had been the victim of an optical delusion—of an hypothesis.

But the glitter of the diamonds convinced her of the reality of the scene she had witnessed.

She softly unlocked the door, and went out into the dark corridor.

At that moment a band of moonlight across the corridor flooring told her that the door next to her own room had been opened.

A moment, and it was closed.

No sound of a footstep had she heard.

She knew it was the thief, who had unlocked the next room door, entered and closed it upon himself.

Without a moment's hesitation she hurried from the corridor until she reached the end; then, going to the north side, she felt for the third door, and found it to be unlocked.

She opened it, and paused on the threshold.

Harry Havelock Wolby—he was named after the great Nonconformist general—would never lack a bedroom door. He maintained that the act was conducive to health, and therefore he always having his bedroom door open than save his life by keeping it closed.

An unlocked door to the room in which he slept, no matter where he lay-down to be, was one of his special forms of courage.

He was awake by hearing a voice, low but distinct, at the doorway, calling, "Harry Harry Wolby!"

There was enough reflected moonlight in the room to enable him to see who was his visitor.

He was awake and himself in a moment.

"Laura" he said—"Miss Balmouch, is it you?"

"Hush!" she replied. "There is a thief in the house. He was in my room. I waited until he left—then I followed and now him go into Mrs. Markham's room, where he is now. Then I came to you for help—because I know you are brave."

"I am are very kind to believe so thoroughly in me, dear Miss Balmouch. I will be with you immediately."

Presently he appeared, and she took his hand, and led him along the corridor.

"She doesn't trouble a bit," he thought.

As for him, he rather liked the job.

He had taken no weapon with him.

She counted the doors on the opposite side of the corridor, and at last said. "He is here, this is Mrs. Markham's room."

He stepped before her.

The door presented a streak of moonlight ran across the floor.

The robber was coming out.

The next moment there was a terrific crash, followed by a beating of a heavy substance upon the floor.

Now people began to scream, and dogs to bark, and lustiers were stirred.

When the three of the more courageous of the men reached the scene of the conflict, the Italian nobleman—for it was he—lay upon the ground, quite senseless, while young Wolby was kneeling by his chest, nourishing after the manner of a bull-dog.

Now more screams were heard, as various ladies discovered that their jewels were stolen.

And in the midst of this disturbance the news arrived that, in a state of sheer fright, Miss Formey had leapt from her window—only a first floor, fortunately—and lay much injured, but not dead.

Little more remains to be told. The Dora was an hotel thief of the highest class. No more common swindler, but a wealthy descendant of the Dorias, fitted incidentally to the requirements of the nineteenth century.

His apparatus enabled him to open doors from without when they were only locked. In fact, a particular piece of machinery gripped the stalk of the key, and turned it in the lock.

Then he pillaged at his leisure, and always carefully locked the doors after him, so that he should be undisturbed by the consequences.

The usual bad never had a finer chance than at the Rue. For travelling English always will take their jewelry with them, instead of leaving it in safe keeping at home.

There was found upon the villain the spoils of a dozen rooms. He had harvested property quite to the value of a thousand pounds English.

He was found to have robbed at least a score of locals, at each of which he had made himself appear to be a victim with the rest. His plan was to imagine the names of people at the table d'Hote, and who were wearing jewellery. Then he consulted the room-directory in the hall, he knew exactly where to find his victims by the numbers on their doors corresponding with the numbers opposite their names in the hotel list. Thereupon he set to work.

Nor will this story have been written in vain if it only warns people to bolt rather than lock their bed-room doors.

But it is hoped this paper will bear other fruit—that it may persuade readers that courage is of different sorts; that often a very timid person will show more courage than another whose audacity is proverbial.

So, fortunately for all of us, goes the world.

Now, Wolby admired Laura Balmouch, but did not dare to propose, because he thought she lacked courage.

On the other hand, he found Rebecca Formey most courageous.

He had intended to offer marriage to the latter on the following morning, while they were out rowing.

But, under the circumstances, with Laura found courageous, and Rebecca with a broken arm, the sheer result of her cowardice, he altered his mind.

He proposed to Laura.

She declined him very much.

But she had courage enough to accept him.

AUTUMNAL TINTS.

It is very curious to observe the regularity with which we are told in the Autumn that the leaves "change" and "take the color of the leaves," whereas the fruit has nothing to do with the change. It has, indeed, sometimes happened that the color of the fruit has changed, as if by magic in a single night, as Frost, upon looking out of a window in the morning, the eye was surprised with the new tints of the world—all nigh on the ground, and where the transformation took place in connection with the mercury at a low point, the whole affair is referred to the agency of Frost. But it does not refer to the splendid tints of the Autumn, which appeared before the leaves were touched.

Her common sense told her that this vibration was caused by the movement of Laura's bedstead against her own.

She was about to speak, when, in the moonlight, lying across the room, she saw a shadow.

In one moment she was mistress of the situation. A thief was in the room, his movements had awakened Becky, and her trembling had aroused Laura herself.

She felt no fear whatever—nothing beyond a sense of defiance, and a desire to overcome the intruder.

The man appeared to move without noise, and very deliberately.

He was at the bellotte table. She knew why before she looked—a diamond locket snarkling between his fingers.

Then he turned softly to the door, and without noise disappeared.

Laura from her bed, and, rapidly putting on her dressing gown, moved after him.

She did not question herself as to her courage or action. She simply got up, led by instinct, and prepared to follow him.

As she passed the other's bed, Rebecca literally leaped upon her.

The next moment she fainted.

Laura left her down gently to the ground, and hurried to the door.

It was locked.

For a moment she asked herself if she had been the victim of an optical delusion—of an hypothesis.

But the glitter of the diamonds convinced her of the reality of the scene she had witnessed.

She softly unlocked the door, and went out into the dark corridor.

At that moment a band of moonlight across the corridor flooring told her that the door next to her own room had been opened.

A moment, and it was closed.

No sound of a footstep had she heard.

She knew it was the thief, who had unlocked the next room door, entered and closed it upon himself.

Without a moment's hesitation she hurried from the corridor until she reached the end; then, going to the north side, she felt for the third door, and found it to be unlocked.

She opened it, and paused on the threshold.

Harry Havelock Wolby—he was named after the great Nonconformist general—would never lack a bedroom door. He maintained that the act was conducive to health, and therefore he always having his bedroom door open than save his life by keeping it closed.

An unlocked door to the room in which he slept, no matter where he lay-down to be, was one of his special forms of courage.

He was awake by hearing a voice, low but distinct, at the doorway, calling, "Harry Harry Wolby!"

There was enough reflected moonlight in the room to enable him to see who was his visitor.

He was awake and himself in a moment.

"Laura" he said—"Miss Balmouch, is it you?"

"Hush!" she replied. "There is a thief in the house. He was in my room. I waited until he left—then I followed and now him go into Mrs. Markham's room, where he is now. Then I came to you for help—because I know you are brave."

"I am are very kind to believe so thoroughly in me, dear Miss Balmouch. I will be with you immediately."

Presently he appeared, and she took his hand, and led him along the corridor.

"She doesn't trouble a bit," he thought.

As for him, he rather liked the job.

He had taken no weapon with him.

She counted the doors on the opposite side of the corridor, and at last said. "He is here, this is Mrs. Markham's room."

He stepped before her.

The door presented a streak of moonlight ran across the floor.

The robber was coming out.

The next moment there was a terrific crash, followed by a beating of a heavy substance upon the floor.

Now people began to scream, and dogs to bark, and lustiers were stirred.

When the three of the more courageous of the men reached the scene of the conflict, the Italian nobleman—for it was he—lay upon the ground, quite senseless, while young Wolby was kneeling by his chest, nourishing after the manner of a bull-dog.

Now more screams were heard, as various ladies discovered that their jewels were stolen.

And in the midst of this disturbance the news arrived that, in a state of sheer fright, Miss Formey had leapt from her window—only a first floor, fortunately—and lay much injured, but not dead.

Little more remains to be told. The Dora was an hotel thief of the highest class. No more common swindler, but a wealthy descendant of the Dorias, fitted incidentally to the requirements of the nineteenth century.

His apparatus enabled him to open doors from without when they were only locked. In fact, a particular piece of machinery gripped the stalk of the key, and turned it in the lock.

Then he pillaged at his leisure, and always carefully locked the doors after him, so that he should be undisturbed by the consequences.

The usual bad never had a finer chance than at the Rue. For travelling English always will take their jewelry with them, instead of leaving it in safe keeping at home.

There was found upon the villain the spoils of a dozen rooms. He had harvested property

THE CHAMELEON.

From very ancient times the curious changes of color which take place in the chameleon and its supposed power of living on air, have been the wonder of the uninformed, and have furnished philosophers with much abundant material for metaphor. The belief that the animal can live on air has been exploded long ago, and was no doubt due to the power of long fasting and to its peculiar manner of breathing. It is now known that the various changes of color which it undergoes have been given to the apparently capricious changes of temperature, light, and electricity to which it is subjected, but the exact manner in which these influences act upon the animal's skin, the pigment cells or layers which cause the changes, has latest researches on the subject being those of Mr. Paul Bert, the French naturalist, which have been published in a report presented by M. E. Gonzalez.

The first, probably to give any rational account of the cause of the peculiar changes of color in these reptiles was the celebrated French naturalist Milne-Edwards, about forty years ago. After a patient and minute examination, he discovered that the coloring matters of the skin, the pigment cells, are situated in the second and third, and the deep layer of the epidermis, but are partly distributed on the surfaces of the dermis, and partly also penetrate more deeply, and stored in a series of little cells or layers of very peculiar formation. These color cells are capable of changing their positions. When they are brought close to the surface of the skin they appear, and in definite hue or hues to become apparent; but by depressing the cells and causing them to disappear at the surface of the epidermis, they may be altogether dispersed. It is noteworthy that the cuttle fishes change color in a similar manner.

Underneath the color bags or chromoblasts, as they are called by Professor Pouchet, in a recent inquiries, has discovered a remarkable layer, which he calls cerulescent, and which possesses the singular property of changing yellow on a clear and blue on an opaque background.

M. Paul Bert, within the last two years, has by his researches thrown still further light upon these curious changes, and upon the mechanism by which they are brought about and accomplished. By a series of careful experiments he has determined the nature of the color seem to be entirely under the control of the nervous system, and that the chameleon can no more help changing color than a man can help twitching its leg when pinched. By acting in various ways upon the spinal marrow and brain of the animal, he can send the color to or withdraw it from any part of the body he pleases. Indeed, a previous observer was able to cause a change of color in a piece of the skin of the animal by acting upon it with electricity; and Mr. Bert has proved that even in the absence of the brain the usual changes can be produced by exciting the animal in any way, thus showing that they are due to the class of nervous action which physiologists name reflex, and of which sneezing and coughing are examples.

It was formerly known that during sleep, and also after death, the animal assumed a pallowish color, which under the influence of light became more or less dark. M. Bert has found that exactly the same color is produced during anesthesia as during natural sleep, and that light influences not only dead and sleeping chameleons, but that it affects in a very powerful fashion the coloration of the animal when wide-awake. The same result is produced when the light is excluded through the eyes, the head, the neck, the legs, the abdomen, and the tail became of a very dark green, while the back appeared as if covered with a light bronze which almost resembled metallic reflection. The brown spots corresponding to the holes in the bronze. Light by plucking another animal who awake in full sunlight, and covering a part of its body behind a piece of red glass, and the hind part quickly turned red. M. Bert divided the body into two quite distinct parts—one of a clear green with a few reddish spots, and the other of a dark green with very prominent spots.

From his researches, M. Bert concludes: 1. The colors and changes of color in the chameleons assume are due to changes in the position of the colored corpuscles, which sometimes, by sticking quite near the skin, form a superficial background underneath the cerulescent layer of Pouchet; sometimes by spreading out and out in superficial ramifications, leave to the skin its yellow color or make it appear green and black. 2. The movements of these colored or chromo-blasts are regulated by the groups of nerves, one of which causes them to rise from below to the surface, while the other produces the opposite effect.

COOKS OF A PAST AGE.

n these days cookery is a very general topic, but its literary pretentions do not by any means come up to the standard of the last century. The cookery of the eighteenth century was a very different thing from anything that of our own time. Ladies now learn to cook for the sake of their social inferiors, their men to refine the haughty frequently of the laboring classes and put them in the way of making wholesome appetizing messes at the cheapest possible rate—a most useful subject in which we wish all success. A hundred and fifty years ago the lore of the poorer classes was pretty well entirely in the hands of

"those beans salt beef, and cabbage"

formed the chief portion of all economical—farmer and laborer, mistress of the family and pastoral poet. Invention, ingenuity, taste, were all exercised in the higher field—the high table—and that with more aim and intention than now. In our day, if the cook is good, she may be highly valued; but formerly the eye and fancy had their claims. There was a time when the fish, the wild chines, which our present system discourages. They had to look tempting to provoke inquiry. Interest, and curiosity, and admiration were liable the cook looks on flowers; but it may be suspected that the dishes from which our portion is cut behind the scenes. Again, there was a time when the ornament and setting off, that were once deemed essential to the right effect of a dinner-table as the picture-space in this department of art, so triumphs in the eye; nor, again, for those interested in the study of character, like all mankind, to the inventor than to those practiced upon, but yet not unregretted for the artistic talent, as a love of excellence and taste which is ing—wherein the subject matter underwent a transformation, and the time and space for the exercise of the talent till the puzzle was found out. As where "pig was dressed to look like fish," "fish like pig," and "pike to eat like sturgeon," where nicenesse, pressed into a mould and cunningly stained with herbs, put on the form of a lobster, where veal was stuffed into skins of fishes, and fried parsnips were shaped into a likeness of trout. What artist can paint like the cook? Would that his or her skill could be preserved in fixed form! But those days were inapplicable to the worthy of matter, and exercising a good deal of the cook's thought and skill.

THE SCIENCE OF BASE BALL.

The game of base ball between the Boston and the Cincinnati Nationals on the 20th, was marked by an experiment of extraordinary interest in pitching a curved ball. A line was drawn from the home plate to the first base bag was taken as a straight line for the ball to travel. A small groove of it runs north and south. The pitcher was placed at the south end of it, opposite the home plate. The batsman was placed at the north end of it, opposite to the first base bag. The first base was placed a section of a paling fence, and was resting on the ground, with the other pointing towards the infield, at right angles. This, of course, made a curved line for the ball to travel on the west side of the line, unless it should cross over to the east side. Another section of the fence was placed at right angles to the one opposite the first base, but being on the east side of the line. Then at the south end of the line, and on the west side of the line. Then at the south end of the line, and on the west side of the line, stood the pitcher of the Bostons, who placed on the west side of a board, and a little behind the base he was obliged to deliver the ball from the west side of the line. It was for him to demonstrate that the ball could be made to leave his hand on the west side of the line, cross over to the east side, and return to the west side of the line, and return to the west side to avoid the other board. He used four balls in all, and aimed the edge of the board, but after several trials he was able to clear that and send the ball fairly around the middle of the board, leaving it on the same side it started from at the other end of the line. The curve was not only visible to the eye, but it was quite impossible for any batsman to strike the ball with a straight piece of the stick. The demonstration was greeted with shouts of applause.

Mitchell, of the Cincinnatis, who is left-handed, was next called out. The curious ball was delivered to him, and he, too, succeeded in sending a curve that swung around the middle barrier, and was caught by a fair to the east of the line. The batsman, apparently, knew that pitcher can hit the ball, but he was unable to do so. He struck at the air in front of the batsman at the end of the stick fairly.

BAXTER'S INGENIOUS BOY.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Baxter's first born is a low-headed, white-eyed urchin of about eleven Summers. He was at one time quite famous in the neighborhood for his ingenuity. Better he was, very; fond of referring to him as "that boy of mine—remarkably ingenious fellow."

One day Baxter found his boy out in the woodshed trying to make a sausage out of a beer-bottle. The boy was laboring with a three-cornered file at the vent where the handle was to be applied. Baxter explained that the bottle was not at all suitable for the purpose intended; the material was too brittle. The boy said he would show how to make a toy cannon that would be confident of success. So he procured a gas pipe and whittled it down until it resembled the end of an asbestos; then he wrapped a sheet of writing paper around the tube, put the latter to his shoulder, making a sort of mould, and stuck a pin through the paper and into the plug near the end. He next whittled the pin in two, and stuck it in the form of a wedge and stuck it in the crack in the kitchen floor. The boy watched the process with the closest attention. Baxterthen said he could show about as much ingenuity in making a

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Mr. Elliott's ride was a long and weary one, before he reached his destination. As he that morning examined his diary, in which was recorded the events of his youthful years, and on his letter, a purpose formed itself in his mind, and he wondered that the idea had never occurred to him before. He resolved that he would at once go to the poor-house and ascertain the truth or falsehood of the miller's story.

Upon examining the records, which had been kept with the greatest exactness ever since the house was built, he found Mrs. Bunting's statements were true. Strange as it may appear, a babe had never been born at the house since it was opened for the reception of paupers; neither had there ever been a babe taken from the house by either Bunting or Maitland. A child, according to their regulations, could not have been removed by them, for the purpose of adoption, unless papers drawn to that effect had been submitted to the inspection of the manager; and as that had never been done, no such thing could have occurred. Having discovered this much, Mr. Elliott took his way homeward, still more intent on solving the mystery than ever.

His mind, as he rode along, was torn with conflicting emotions. The infant, Wilfred Trevelyan, was his only heir; neither had there ever land and his sisters fortune. Could he (villain as he knew him to be) be so dead to all feelings of humanity as to steal away the child left in his possession, and place him where it must perish, in some secluded spot, and bury another child on his dear sister's breast? Maitland was poor and unscrupulous; what would prevent him from performing such a horrid deed? Not the love he bore his sister, or his sister's boy, for all the misery of her life had been brought about by him. Then, too, there were none to call him to account for anything he might do. Era had died at his house, and the babe had been left to his guardianship. Scarlet fever of the most virulent type had been said to have ended the boy's life, and, as the disease was highly contagious, he was buried in great haste; but there was a Doctor's certificate, which Maitland had brought to him for examination, so small as he could reach him after the child's interment.

The subject was very painful to Mr. Elliott, and the child had died far away—indeed, he was rather relieved, at the time, that the distressing event had occurred at such a distance from home. Now, his conscience reproached him for his silent acceptance of Maitland's account, without examining into its truth. They had quarrelled at the time. Hard words had passed between them. Maitland had gone from his house in a towering passion, and he rested happy in the knowledge that all intercourse between them had ended. Then followed his removal to "The Elms," and from that time until their unexpected meeting at Bunting's, he tried to forget the man's very existence.

Those circumstances, when connected with those now transpiring, were enough to create suspicion in Mr. Elliott's mind, under which he could not rest. Every feasible means for ascertaining itself in a new form, and, this time, he would not shrink from his duty.

Perhaps, after all, his suspicions were unfounded. How sincerely he hoped they were. Yet, at all events, there was the mystery surrounding Philip. Some little one had been the victim of Maitland's villainy, there was no doubt of that, and for the sake of humanity it behooved him to bring the deed to light.

Philip, whatever his parentage, held a warm place in his affections, and that alone would lead him on to seek out the truth. All these thoughts rushed through his brain with lightning speed, and he was tired both in body and mind when his journey was ended. A bright fire blazed in his study, fill at case and doubting about his future course, and it was not until he had decided on seeking an immediate interview with the miller that he retired to rest.

The next morning Mr. Elliott rode over to Bunting's, and found him at home, with a clouded brow. He was surly and cross, and scarcely returned Mr. Elliott's polite salutation.

"I have called this morning," the latter said, "to talk with you about your son."

"My son!" exclaimed the miller. "I have no son, as you are well aware!"

"Philip has always passed for your son, and I presumed you yet looked upon him in that light."

"Then you are mistaken," replied Bunting; "he is a thankless dog, and has made me a poor return for all that I have done for him. I have a strong suspicion that some of my neighbors have encouraged him in his ungrateful proceedings."

"If you allude to me, my friend, I will acknowledge to having dressed a cruel wound on his cheek—but he richly deserved it. Moreover better than I—but we will not waste words on this subject. I have one of a much more serious character to lay before you, for I have come to tell you that I have discovered a clue to the mystery that enshrouds Philip's parentage must be cleared up!"

"The mystery!" exclaimed the miller. "You are laboring under a great error if you think there is any mystery at all about it. How often am I to tell his story? His mother was a pauper, a young bit of a thing, deserted by her brute of a husband, and was killed by a fall, and when she died brought her baby to my wife. Where is the mystery?"

Mr. Elliott sat thinking for a few moments. Could it be possible that Maitland, with some specious falsehood, had misled the miller? No; it could not be. The knowledge that he had gained at the poor-house proved the contrary.

"Do not think for a moment, my friend," he said, "for I assure you it is impossible. The child you brought to your wife, on that cold stormy night, did not come from the poor-house, but was given to you by Eugene Maitland!"

At the sound of that name the miller started up in surprise.

"Eugene Maitland!" he cried, in a voice of consternation; "and what have I to do with Eugene Maitland?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. Many years ago, three orphan children lived under the same roof in their early childhood. Eugene and Era Maitland were two of them, the other is before you. Philip was a rogue from his birth, but Era was an angel. When she grew older, she was separated from her cousin, Mr. Compton, to Paris, I was sent to a German university, and Eugene to Har-ford College, to complete our educations. Unfortunately, Mr. Compton died and left Era heir to all his vast estates. Eugene Maitland, the miller, loved his cousin, and the partiality shown to her by their uncle only increased his dislike of her. Determined, if possible, to obtain a portion of her wealth, he, during his uncle's will denied him, he entered a scheme by which he could carry out his purpose. This was to marry Era to John Templemore, a man as unprincipled as himself provided he would agree to divide with him the fortune that would then be his. To this Templemore readily consented, and as he was a handsome, dashing young fellow, well calculated to win admiration, the unsuspecting Era, yet but a child in years fell a victim to the conspiracy. For a few months she was a happy wife, for Templemore really loved her, and Era, young and fair, could entertain such a feeling; but when the discovery was made that the so much coveted fortune had been settled on Era, and could not be her heirs, he returned again to his old excesses, and not only neglected his wife, but misused her in the most cruel manner. Poor, broken-hearted Era never left her trouble, although they were wearing her life away, and when, one day, after a dispute on some point of honor, Templemore engaged in a duel, in which he fell, mortally wounded under his adversary's fire, she did not cease. Era never recovered from the shock, and when her babe first saw the light her short, unhappy married life was ended. Need I tell you more? You know it all already! That babe is the so-called Philip Bunting. Ah! well may your limbs tremble and your cheek turn pale, wretched man that you are! For all those long years you have deceived the world the existence of this poor boy. And in what have you been the gainer? For a few paltry thousands you have done this foul wrong, and at the bidding of your unprincipled, unfeeling wife have plotted upon the unoffending boy such cruel treatment that in despair he has fled from you! And now, Hector Bunting, as sure as you live- I will be the first to punish you for your wickedness!"

As Mr. Elliott proceeded in his narrative, the miller's face wore an expression of the deepest dismay, and, as he concluded, the wretched man sprang to his feet and rushed precipitately from his presence.

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Elliott, as the miller disappeared. "My suspicions were struck home! Guilty! guilty as Cain!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HITS OF SCIENCE.

Excerpted from Prof. Tyndall's Lec

Every mindrop which smites the mountain produces its definite amount of heat.

There is no building maintained in physical nature, no expenditure without equivalent gain, no gain without equivalent expenditure.

The sun's heat raises the tropical ocean, converting a portion of its liquid into vapor, which rises in the air and is transformed on mountain heights, raining in gutters to the ocean from which it came.

Each man breathes 150 pounds consumes in lifting his own body to a height of eight feet the heat of a grain of carbon. Jumping from this height the heat is restored.

The muscles of a laborer whose weight is 150 pounds weigh sixty-four pounds. When lifted they are reduced to fifteen pounds.

We place food in our stomachs as so much combustible matter.

In our motor nerves are so many speaking tubes, through which messages are sent from the man to the world; and your sensory nerves are so many conduits through which the whole records of nature are sent back to the man.

Sound in air moves at the rate of 1,150 cubic feet a second; sound in water moves at the rate of 4,000 feet a second.

Light in air moves at the rate of 100,000 miles a second, and electricity in free wires moves probably at the same rate. But in the nerves transmit their impulses at the rate of only seventy feet a second.

If a whale were struck and lung was struck by a harpoon in the tail, a second would elapse before the disturbance would reach the brain.

We can think of a fairy all that we have already done with the battery—heat platinum wires, decompose water, magnetize iron, and detect a magnetic needle.

The two theories of free will and necessity come to the same in the end.

If any one of us were given the privilege of looking back through the cost across which life has crept towards its present existence, his vision would ultimately reach a point when the progenitors of this assembly could not be called human. From that humble society, through the intersection of lie members and the storing up of their best qualities, a better one emerged.

The Magnificence of Moscow.

This is one of the richest and most beautiful cities in the world. It seems especially so as you approach it in the distance. Standing on elevated ground, it is seen from afar in every direction. Its churches with their scenery domes having several besides the steeples—with hundreds of domes and spires, all either gilded or painted green and spangled with stars, together with many gardens and trees intermixed with the houses, present an ever-changing appearance and fill the traveller with wonder and admiration when it first breaks upon his view. The River Moskva flows at the base of the hill on which the Kremlin is built. The Kremlin is a vast citadel, or city within a city, enclosed by high walls and towers. It has over forty churches, from thirty to fifty feet high, with many towers, buttresses and domes. It also contains many magnificent churches, also the Large Palace and the Little Palace. We entered with several friends, by permission required to do, from the highest official to the lowest serf, through the Gate of the Redeemer, over which hangs a picture of the Savior, said to be 300,000 pounds English, now standing with its broken piece on a pedestal, placed there by the Emperor Nicholas. In the Kremlin Place with its ancient obelisk; the crooked streets and mixed houses, elegant government offices in one block and the jails and cottages; the fabulous wide street, three miles long, leading from the walls of the Kremlin to the St. Petersburg gate; the beautiful park or review ground; also to the Treasury, the Public Museum and Library, together with modern improvements in gas pipes, letter boxes, etc., etc., but I must hasten to give you a brief account of my journey from Moscow to this city. If Moscow may be visited again, but that journey will never have a second edition.

Curiosities of French Invention.

Titles of several inventions are startling unintelligible; unless, indeed, they refer to transactions at the Patent Office are at fault. Such, for instance as an ingenio pump; so-called because a chimney, improvement in finishing machines; an acher safety pad-lock; a radiosonde; an improved navigational shores; a waker, presumably an alarm and not an attendant at an Irish funeral; a pocket counter, which is not a thing to be carried in the pocket, and a life-purse, whatever in the name of Fortunatus that may be. It is also puzzling to imagine why four persons should have seized to take out a patent for manufacturing paper and pasteboard out of peat bogs. Equally ingenious, if more intelligible, are improvements in apparatus for producing stage effects, an automatic indicator of the duty size of carts, and a manometer; an apparatus for compressing air by tidal action; an anti-frost street-fountain; an inkstand with a self-acting stopper, and a new cork-screw. The use of this last must be a sore trial to nervous writers, even if furnished with a so-called mirrowier, but it finds its antitype in a steady glue pot, just as a universal cracker is surpassed by a universal lubricator. A tolerably comprehensive patent must be that of M. Bongerel, for sanitary improvements for towns. Inventions in France extend even beyond the tomb. Sorrowing mourners have cause to thank M. Tiran for funeral medallions painted on unalterable glass; and M. Gellie for a machine for the manufacture of straw frames for garlands of immortelles, whereby the production of those indispensable adjuncts to a French interment will doubtless be cheapened. The name of M. Bapterosses, of Orleans Urban, who has secured a patent for preserving corpses by petrifaction, or converting them into a carrara marble, is not forgotten. The ancient lioness adorned their dwellings with warm heads of their enemies, and now, by M. Urban's plan, the family portrait gallery may be replaced by a file of deceased relatives, each in his habit as he lived. Moreover, the case of great men, an hi-thetical professor on the principle of Madame Tussaud's—might be established in the capital; or, if preferred, each office might merely be treated by the person might be despatched to his native town, for erection in the Grande Place, to gratify the manin for perpetuating statues to local celebrities with which the French people are so powerfully imbued.

The Cousins.

The country was in a state of excitement. A rising had been made between and Irel Green's daughter Ivy, than whom no sweeter or fairer girl ever claimed adoration, was charged with the commission of the detestable deed.

Most foul deeds were two Ivy Green, and they were cousins.

One was the only child of Stephen Green, the rather austere and surly miller, at the edge of the village, while the other was the orphan child of the old-fashioned farm-house visible from the little town.

They were singularly alike in form and features, but differed essentially in habits and dress. The miller's daughter led the village gatherings, and started the fashions, while her more modest cousin took music lessons at home, or was content to look on her golden hair.

The latter was called Irel Green's Ivy, to distinguish her from her village cousin.

One of the fairest nights imaginable had been selected for the mission of the crime which had shocked the neighborhood. The pistol-shot rang out loud and startlingly clear upon the crisp Autumn air, and the handsome young miller, Roger Gladestinel, was deprived of life and death, though several weeks of pain and fright had passed away.

Roger Hart loved Irel Green's Ivy, against the wishes of the somewhat avaricious old farmer, who declared that his child should never marry man with white hands, the suitor being a young lawyer. He was not long in discovering the reason for such opposition, and had settled the girl several times by stealth. Time, he thought, would bring things about for the best, and so he persevered.

During all this unfortunate, he encountered the miller's daughter, whose heart, it would seem, at once fell into his possession, and the cousins became rivals in love.

He appeared to linger in the village longer than his business called for, and much of his time was spent in the belle's company, till gossip reached the ears of the country girl, and there was a lover's quarrel.

Now I come to the story of the beautiful accused.

She told it in her father's presence at the excited examination that followed the crime.

She had met Roger accidentally on the fatal night, and he had escorted her from the tryeing-place to the great old farm-gate that opened into the leaf-strewn lane that led to the farm-house. He averred that they had "made it up," and were on good terms when they separated, he having kissed her good-night, and taken a ring from her hand.

He was a few yards from the gate she was startled by a pistol-shot, followed quickly by a cry. Turning, she saw a figure fall heavily to the earth just beyond the gate, and her foot ran her quickly to the spot. Prone upon the ground lay the man from whom she had just parted.

At his side lay a small revolver which Ivy seized with a cry of recognition. She was standing erect with the weapon in her hand when hurried footsteps startled her, and a moment later she found herself in the presence of three villagers.

They had heard nobody flying from the scene of the crime; they found Ivy standing over the prostrate man with a ghastly face and with the weapon, her property and gift from him, in her hand.

It might have been well for the girl if the testimony of the men ended here; but, alas! it did not. They declared that Roger suddenly revived when he was addressed by one of the party.

"Who did this?" was the question. "Tell us who shot you?"

The lawyer groaned and tried to bury his face in his hands as he answered, slowly and sorrowfully—

"Ivy Green. I never wronged her."

It was terrible evidence against the pale girl who stood before the bar of justice protesting her innocence.

She averred that the revolver had been missing from her chamber for several days; but her declarations were taken with many grains of allowance by the excited people, and she was released on bail to await the result of the lawyer's injuries.

It charged with a crime that made her young soul shudder, and blighting with its shadow the rosy tints of the future life, Ivy walked to the home darkened by the sorrow that hovered over it.

She could scarcely believe.

The events of the past few hours seemed a dream from which she would awaken to happiness and peace; but it was too real, too terrible.

Her father, who walked grief stricken and pitiable at her side across the fields, did not speak until they had reached the bars that opened into the orchard.

There he stopped abruptly and placed his hand upon her shoulder, while he looked down steadily into her tearful eyes.

"Ivy," he said, "we are about to meet mother. What will you say to her? If you are guilty don't keep back the truth; out with it like a woman."

"The truth it shall be, as God is my witness; I did not shoot him. When he mentioned my name, as the men say he did, his mind must have been wandering. Why should I kill him, after I had made him with my whole heart, though against your will?"

Irel Green could not reply, and so, hanging his head, he preceded his daughter across the orchard in mournful silence.

They entered the house, and the mother, with the true love that burns in every mother's bosom, welcomed home the accused child. Then Irel said to his wife—

"It's black against Ivy, mother, but here is one who says that she didn't do it."

Those words were balm to the broken heart; they brought smiles of gratitude to the young girl's face.

A fortnight passed before the excitement began to show signs of abatement.

Roger was passing beyond danger, but the surgeon said that the wound, which was in the head, would in all probability render him insane.

He still lay at the home of Mr. Hill, one of Farmer Green's neighbors, where he was receiving careful nursing.

The actions seemed to confirm the surgeons' words. He would rave for hours in the manner of a child, and did not recognize the friends who visited him.

His removal to the mad-house was to be the signal for Ivy's trial.

While public sentiment pitied her it demanded justice, and she heard from day to day that she must suffer for the crime committed in the house.

Since the crime she had not seen the victim. She had been forbidden to appear in his presence, and the order seemed to crush her last wish to the earth, and trample it unpityingly there.

"I cannot endure this agony longer!" she exclaimed. "Over there he lies, attended by those who are kind for money, and I—I sit here with his cousin charged upon me. They say one would hardly know him; his face is thin and white, and his eyes are deeply sunken. I cannot sit here night after night and gaze upon the roof that covers him. I must see him. I care not if the visit binds a new chain of death about me."

It was getting dusk when the fair but hollow-cheeked girl stole from her room, and made her way to the house in which the sufferer lay.

She opened the gate without noise, and crept up to the window, half hidden by a clump of flowering lilacs.

Her heart was beating like a caged bird in her bosom, as she ventured to peer into the room.

A lamp was burning dimly within the apartment, but the single bed stood almost directly before her as it were, and Ivy saw the man she had not seen since that fatal night.

He was sitting up in bed, his body supported by pillows. A white bandage concealed his forehead, and rendered the cadaverous face the more ghastly, the deeply-sunken eye-balls the more unnatural.

The girl almost drove Ivy from the window. It was with difficulty that she could repress a cry, for she stood there shaking like an aspen-leaf. Despite the terrible change she knew the face that had been to her what had won her love, and her heart went up in pity and maidenly sympathy.

All at once the girl started, for the invalid put forth a trembling hand, and to lift a glass of water that stood near the couch.

Something glittered on one of his fingers.

The girl recognized her ring, the one that he had taken at the gate just before the cruel shot.

In some freak of harmless lunacy he had doubtless placed it on the finger, or perhaps during a flash of sanity, when he thought of her.

In her eargerness Ivy Green pressed her face against the pane, which rattled suddenly for it was loose.

Quick as a flash of Summer lightning the invalid dropped the glass and turned towards the window. The next instant their eyes had met, and Ivy knew that a shrieking would follow.

His eyes grew bright with a light that made the girl's heart beat faster than ever. His hands were put forward imploringly, and she heard the like murmur—

"Ivy! Ivy! come here!"

The last sound had not died away when the farmer's daughter, with her loving arms about him, was raining kisses on his cheeks.

She cannot tell to-day how she gained admittance into the room; but she was there, and at his side again.

And he was saying:

"I was not shot, Ivy. They say that you are to be tried for shooting me—that I accused you in the lane. No, no! I did not mean you—for you are Irel Green's Ivy. There is Ivy Green, my cousin."

The girl almost started from his embrace. She threw a strange look into his eyes.

"I saw her as I reeled," he said. "She held a smoking pistol in her hand. Oh! Ivy, when will there be no jealous women?"

"Jealous, Roger?"

"Yes. She was jealous. I loved the, to her, wrong Ivy Green; but I did not think she'd do that."

The terrible truth of the crime that night had been made plain.

Irel Green's Ivy was not guilty; but the belle of the village, the miller's Ivy, wore the signet of crime.

The Hills found the lovers there, they found Ivy kneeling at the bedside, and it was reluctantly, but with a load lifted from her heart, that Ivy hurried home as the light of the day of her deliverance was breaking.

The story was soon out in leak out. The miller's daughter came to the confessional, told how she purloined her cousin's revolver, and how with jealous hand she lifted it against the man she could not win.

Roger could not prosecute; he kept the law from taking hold on the guilty, and the jealous belle left the country.

One day a tall and handsome man entered Irel Green's home to find it filled with smiling people.

He was Roger, and he had come to claim and take away Irel Green's Ivy.

ANCIENT MEXICO.

The Famous Ruins of the Chaco Canon.

Upon the elevated table lands of Northern Mexico, in and about mid-way between Fuscha and the great Sierra Mountains, are the famous ruins of the Chaco canon, first brought before the world by the report of Lieutenant Simpson in 1849. As they are far off from all the common routes, in the midst of an arid and forbidding country, they have been but seldom visited by any white people, and if I mistake not, no critical examination has ever been made of them since 1849. I started from there the 7th of May with one poor animal to carry all our supplies, taking a general northwestern course over the country, at the close of the third day we arrived at the first of the ruins in question, plainly seen while yet five or six miles distant. A close inspection did not lessen our first impressions of its stupid grandeur. It is not a large building, by any means, the rectangular part measuring but 217x172 feet, but the solidity and finish of the walls, 25 to 40 feet in height, and its isolated prominence upon a slight eminence overlooking the low rolling country around, give a prominence and dignity other larger ruins under the walls of the canon further down do not possess. Following the canon of the Chaco, two of them upon the bluffs outlooking the canon and the others in the valley, all of similar workmanship and manifestly the work of one people. They are remarkable as being dissimilar and independent in character from the Pueblo ruins discovered in America. The large ruin of the Chaco is the finest of the five, and is probably contemporaneous with them. The largest of the ten is the sixth as we go down the canon, called the Pueblo Bonita by Simpson, which is 542x339 feet. The smallest is the ninth, which is a regular parallelogram 72x42 feet and 15 feet high. All are built in a form around three sides of a rectangle, with an open court facing south, and enclosed by a semi-circular wall. The general character to this regular rectangular plan was the last one down the canon, the Pueblo Alto, consisting of perfect elliptical shape, 300x361 feet in diameter, and the other Pueblo Bonita already mentioned, was a perfect circle, or egg shape, divided along its great diameter.

In five of the ruins we found five entire and perfect rooms, circular in construction from the length of the regular rafters supporting the roofs within them. These were associated with much care and interest, and regretted that we had not the means of digging into others which are now buried from sight, but plainly visible in low rounded walls. In all the rooms was a notable neatness of finish, particularly of the ceiling, which in the case of Pueblo Alto was covered with with thin boards of pine, somewhat larger, but of the thickness of an ordinary shingle. In the large rooms, were cut off square and parallel, with the rooms above, and plastered perfectly white, probably with the same zeno the Pueblos and Mexicans now use for the purpose. In the doors of the rooms in every apartment, of an average size of 6 feet high and 2½ wide. These were plumb to square, of equal width top and bottom, and in forming them the builders seem to have taken great pains and great attention. A prominent feature in all these ruins was the circular rooms or the Estufas, their council halls or secret lodges. The largest was twenty-five feet in diameter, the largest being a trifle over sixty feet, and the smallest fifteen feet in diameter.

In all the ruined pueblos the most remarkable feature was the walls with which the stone walls were built, and which has enabled them to withstand for hundreds of years the ravages of human hands and the slower works of the elements. Beginning at the foundation with a width of thirty-two inches, each succeeding story was built a little less in thickness until the walls of the fourth floor are about eighteen inches through, giving them a pyramidal shape, and of such solidity, that in some cases, although the floor has been crushed down and the stone walls fallen, they yet remain firm and plumb nearly forty feet in height. They had their apartments lighted by openings by regular sandstone blocks, of the size of two bricks, cut and ground to a uniformity, by alternate layers of those blocks with very small and thin pieces of sandstone, generally three courses of the thin to one of the thick, and last by laying the entire walls of these excessively small pieces of thin sandstone. As an example of this last kind, I measured of a square yard on the northern wall of the Pueblo Bonita, and counted the number of stones forming the surface. There were 400 each laid on those together, that a knife-blade could not be pushed between, and not a particle of mortar of any kind appearing on the surface. This entire wall was 300 feet long and originally fully forty feet high and averaged twenty-four inches thick. Imagine the industry and patiences of such builders. Every doorway and window was formed with scrupulous exactness, and it would appear as if the plumb and square had been faithfully used in all their work.

There are many other things of which I would like to speak, the sculpture known in the rock of the great water pockets and cisterns, of the human skull and bones found buried fourteen feet beneath the level of the valley and exposed only by the encroaching arroyos, as well as other subterranean developments made, but the limit of this letter forbid.

The Lucky Young Man from Paris.

From the New Haven Palladium.

It was a romance of more than usual interest that was consummated in this town at 4 o'clock this morning, and it came from New Haven. A widow lady and her daughter, while on a visit to Fair York and vicinity, became acquainted with a young man from Paris, of good family and position, then visiting this country. The acquaintance ripened into an old fat love the attachment which the young man professed to have for the charms and graces of their youth. The lady and her daughter returned to their home and the young man went back to Paris. It is to be presumed that his majesty he returned to this country and again paid his respects to the young lady. A short time ago there came the joyful intelligence that his father had died, and after a month ago the mother of the young lady died. The last letter from the fond parent the young couple were married at the Episcopal Church, New Haven, and the wedding that had been pending for sometime was decided in favor of the young lady, by which she is to receive $30,000. A few days afterwards the young couple took passage for Europe.

There is Danger Ahead

When those usually active little organs, the kidneys, are overworked or clogged with waste matter. Fatty degeneration, Bright's disease, diabetes, and other dangerous maladies, are the result of neglect to remedy the first symptoms of kidney complaint. When the all-important functions of the kidneys are imperfectly discharged, these organs need stimulating, and the best remedy for this purpose, since it performs its office without exciting them—is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in combination with the tonic and alterative properties, possesses valuable qualities as a diuretic. Both kidneys and bladder are strengthened by it, and the right action it imparts to them, and the genial warmth it imparts to the whole system, are the greatest safeguards against the insidious approach of kidney complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York

R. DOLLARD,
818 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to examine their own heads with accuracy.

No. 1. Forehead and Scalps, No. 2. Parquet and Scalps, No. 3. From forehead over the head to back of neck. No. 4. From forehead back as far as last. No. 5. From ear to ear over the head. No. 6. From crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Goods for Ladies' Toupees, Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc. beautifully manufactured, and at the most reasonable prices. Orders by letter from parts of the world will receive attention. Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

POND'S EXTRACT.
POND'S EXTRACT.
The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.
"Sear, for I will speak of steeling Pond's."
POND'S EXTRACT. The great Vegetable Pain Remedy. Used by the people for thirty years, and for its unanimous and prompt relief has given entire satisfaction.
CHILDREN. No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. It cures Colds, Coughs, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by its use. Sold only in properly relieves pains of Burns, Scalds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflammation, and prevents mortification. Removes discoloration and heals rapidly.
LADIES find in Pond's Extract a sure relief for the pains to which they are peculiarly subject at times. Used internally it relieves the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly arrests internal inflammation, and heals all kinds of inflammations and ulcerations.
HEMORRHOIDS or PILES find in this the only known remedy that ultimate cure. No case, however chronic or severe, but will yield to the regular use of Pond's Extract.
CATARRH, VENIN, HAY FEVER, COLDS IN THE HEAD. Pond's Extract is the only remedy that ultimate cure. No one, however chronic or severe, but will yield to the regular use of Pond's Extract.
BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a specific. Use Pond's Extract. Even a cut from a rusty razor remedies failed to arrest bleeding from a cut which Pond's Extract stopped in a few minutes. Try it.
TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia and Sick Headache. Pond's Extract relieves these distressing maladies almost instantly.
PHYSICIANS and Surgeons who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in the treatment of all cases for which it is recommended. Its use in Hospitals, Army and Navy, and by Physicians in their private practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order it in cases of Inflammation, Hemorrhage, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, Leucorrhœa, Uterine Hemorrhage, Prolapsus, Ulceration of the Uterus, Hæmorrhoids, Fissure, Fistula, Pruritus, Ulcers, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pains in the Back, Kidneys, Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Piles, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Sea Sickness, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Impotence, Sexual Debility, Premature Decline, Involuntary Discharges, Spermatorrhœa, Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs of both sexes, and for Inflammatory and Chronic Diseases of Women. Pond's Extract is the only remedy that can be used in connection with the Menstrual Period without pain.
TOILET USES. Soreness, Roughness and Smarting; Rash Cuts, Eruptions and Pimples, Chafing, Sunburn, Mosquito Bites, Stings of Insects, Chapped Hands, Lips, Nipples, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sore Eyes, Inflammation, Weak Eyes, Matter in the Eyes, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Its range of action is wide, and the list of its uses is not complete. It is found useful in every Form and as well as in every Form used as well as internally. Its virtues when known will be widely used.
CAUTION. Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in the glass. It is never sold by the only persons living who know how to prepare it, and no one has any other preparation of Witch Hazel. That is false and worthless. Avoid dangerous and worthless imitations of this country and Europe.
HISTORY and Analysis of Pond's Extract, its remedial form, send free on application.
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 76 Maiden Lane, New York.

Dr. C. Bigelow,
Physician.
Special attention to PRIVATE COMPLAINTS, especially Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Consultation free. Medicines can be sent by mail or express to any subject strictly confidential.
Dr. Marriage Guide, a work of 96 large sized pages, sent to any address, free of charge, on receipt of price, fifty cents.
MAIN DISPENSARY.
No. 8 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

KNOW THYSELF
A New Medical Treatise. Just published, in a sealed envelope. Price 6 cents. Gold Medal awarded the author. The Science of Life; or, Self-Preservation. A lecture on the cause of premature decline, either one of which is sufficient to destroy the constitution. Contains 300 pages, 125 prescriptions for all forms of disease. Bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed. Price only $1.25 by mail, postage paid. Illustrative sample sent for 6 cents. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

HEAL THYSELF
TRUTH IS MIGHTY!
Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

PENMANSHIP TAUGHT BY MAIL by Prof. H. C. Lovejoy, of Yale Business College, New Haven, Conn. Send stamp for specimen and circular.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASE TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, The Dolorureux, Lumbago, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Sides or Loins, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, Colic, Nausea, Sculds, Burns, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
Radway's Ready Relief.
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASE TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, The Dolorureux, Lumbago, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Sides or Loins, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, Colic, Nausea, Sculds, Burns, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists
DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York
R. DOLLARD,
818 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.
Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to examine their own heads with accuracy.
No. 1. Forehead and Scalps, No. 2. Parquet and Scalps, No. 3. From forehead over the head to back of neck. No. 4. From forehead back as far as last. No. 5. From ear to ear over the head. No. 6. From crown of the head.
He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Goods for Ladies' Toupees, Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc. beautifully manufactured, and at the most reasonable prices. Orders by letter from parts of the world will receive attention. Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.
LADIES BEWARE! ITALIAN IVY EXT. ERRADE and BAY RUM DEATH sent to any reader of this paper who will send their address. Note ABSORBED PATTERSON, 93 nassa. The worst cases relieved by the use of the Illustrated Ladies Pet Paper Pledge to Ladies taken as Card.
P. STOCKMAN, 27 Bond Street, New York.
THE COMPOUND
OXYGEN TREATMENT
THE Microscopic cells that serve to make the body are supplied with Oxygen by the Compound Oxygen. It is the only treatment that will reach all parts of the body, and all, even discouraged invalids, may obtain perfect health by its use. Pamphlet of 200 pages sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.
LILY WHITE FOR THE COMPLEXION. Beautifying Skin, Scalp and Hair. Sold by all druggists. LILY WHITE FOR THE COMPLEXION. Beautifying Skin, Scalp and Hair. Sold by all druggists. LIQUID VEGETABLE ROUGE imparts a delicate and natural color to the cheeks. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address, HELEN BRADY, Box 1,000, New Haven, Conn.
RUPTURE
Relieved and cured without the injury frames in use. Send for circular. Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 251 Broadway N. Y. His book, with photographs of himself in front of his patients before and after cure, mailed for 40 cents.
40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING CARDS, with name, 10c. Agents' Outfit, 10c. CARD MILL, Bristol, Conn.
YOUR NAME on 50 BEVEL EDGE VISITING CARDS 15c. Agents' Outfit, 10c. CARD MILL, Bristol, Conn.
25 ELEGANT CARDS, 23 STYLES, 10c. Name in Sc. More Free and Autumn Leaves Cards. Agents Outfit, 10c. HELEN BRADY Box 1,000, New Haven, Conn.
40 VERY BEST, LATEST STYLE CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c. STAR CARD CO., Northford, Conn.
MEN

LOVE AND DEATH.

I.

"You tell me you hate love: to add to more hatreds
To the world you were born to live in? Not to be
Content with the common lot of your fellow creatures
Is to be unfit for any place in life."
"Yet one thing I crave, and admit the day hath shown.
That one thing, only one, I crave with faith not known
Before: of our very selves? We, under love who lie,
Woo not with our own love, but with love's divinity;
And thus shall take from us what is our own."

A sphere a shade of the last parting fell,
This slender pure grass, to one deep comfort,
Whose loveliness, drinks cool waters from a well.
Then, in the dusk, they felt the blood beneath
Their body's coldness, that terrible
Ache of bodies wed, blended till Death!

II.

We know not where they carry who have died.
We bring mortal hurt unto one who passed
Beyond from out that darkness deep and wide,
Or night, or day, or dawn, or the hall have cried.
Behold the portent!—the soul that is cast
Out from the body, hot like, flames before the kind!
What man can look on Death unterrified?

Who love can never die! They are a part
Of the world's living soul that cannot stay.
But the world's living soul their souls are one
For shall they perish, while aught is undone
And lost in the general life. Each separate heart
Shall live, and find its own, and never die.

—Scribner's Monthly.

The Hard Heart Softened

"There, now, John Wilmot, you need not stand into more because I demand the two months' rent of this cottage. I have been too easy with you, but I won't be put off with promise any longer. I want my rent-money, and no more words about it."

The words were uttered in a harsh tone of voice, and the speaker was a hard featured man of middle age, with small, sunken black eyes, and cold, repulsive face.

An aged man, white-haired and wrinkled, and full seventy years of age, stood in the room of the poorly-furnished apartment.

His mood is patched and faded garments, the marks of privation and suffering were stamped upon his gaunt face, and he was trying hard to keep back the sudding tears.

"I had it in readiness for you at this present time, Mr. Elwood," he said—and his voice trembled, and his eyes were cast down—"I am very, very sorry. The little sum of money which you laid aside to pay the rent was used by my wife to bury my widowed daughter. My grandson is out of employment, for the times in the village is dead. But the poor boy will, I am sure, soon get a situation, and then every penny owing you will be paid, sir."

Mr. Elwood thumped his stout cane upon the floor, and frowned darkly at the aged man.

"I want no promises," he exclaimed, fiercely. "I want the money for the two months back rent of this cottage, and if you don't have it ready for me by noon to-morrow I will have you and your family turned out, and shall seize your household goods at the same time. Now hear that in mind, John Wilmot.

The aged tenant uttered a deep groan, and clasped his hands together in his agony.

"Give me a little time, sir," he gasped. "Oh, have mercy upon an old man whom cup of bitter sorrow is overflowing. Don't turn me forth—don't take from me the few poor articles that I possess. I have ever been punctual with the rent until lately. I——"

Mr. Elwood waved his white hand and pointed towards the open door. He then turned and frowned at the sobbing man.

"I have given you fair warning," said he. "I will keep my word. I want the money by noon to-morrow, and if it is not ready for me you may expect a visit from the bailiff. The poorhouse is not far distant from here, and the doors of that building are always open for such as you. It is the proper place for paupers."

These words cut deep into the heart of old John Wilmot. He bowed his head upon his breast, and with the gloom of indignation shining in his eyes, he gazed at his hard landlord and said:

"I was foolish to expect mercy from you, Mr. Elwood, for your heart is a heart of stone. Turn me forth to morrow, and let your broker seize all. I will plead no more."

"You have got more than I gave you credit for," sneered Mr. Elwood. "Pleading and cringing have no effect on me sir."

And the wealthy landlord left the cottage.

Old John Wilmot sank down in a chair and buried his face in his hands.

At this moment the door of an adjoining room opened, and a bright-faced lad of about fourteen years of age entered the cottage kitchen.

"Grandfather, I have heard all," spoke the lad, in a tender tone of voice, as he laid one hand upon the old man's shoulder. "Don't give way. I will work for you."

The aged man shook his head.

"He will not relent, Dick," he groaned. "His nature is cold and pitiless. We shall be turned forth from our old home to starve, and homeless and penniless we shall wander forth—ay, homeless and penniless, my poor boy."

Dick Leslie looked upon his grandfather through a mist of tears, yet his voice did not quiver in the least, as he said:

"Don't despair, grandfather, you are not alone in this world. I am with you and I am strong and hardy. You will come to want while I am able to work for you."

Old John Wilmot kissed his grandson and held him in a warm embrace.

* * * * * * *

"Come, stop a moment, Mr. Roger Elwood! Sarah Barton wants a word with you."

The person who had spoken was a tall faded-looking woman of middle age, with a long, thin face and sharp features.

Her coarse red hair hung loosely over her shoulders, and a shabby brown cloak covered her dress.

She had darted up from behind a clump of bushes which lined one side of the shady country lane, and she now advanced towards Mr. Elwood.

"I have no time to spare," snarled the man of wealth. "Stand out of my way, you half-crazed creature!"

An angry light shone in the eyes of Sarah Barton as she set her arms akimbo, and stared defiantly at the man.

"Oh, you need not throw out your ugly sneers at me," she exclaimed with a toss of the head. "I've walked full five miles through the scorching heat of the day to see you, and you can't but me off. I've come on here to see you about my son's case."

"I have nothing to do with him my charge against that lad son of yours, I suppose?" said Mr. Elwood.

"I do," replied the woman with an eager look in her eyes. "Will you refuse me that little favor?"

"Yes," was the answer; "your son committed a theft, and he shall suffer for it."

Sarah Barton trembled and looked fiercely at Mr. Elwood.

"I came to you once before on the same errand, and you gave me the same answer, she said, in a husky tone, and evidently trying hard to control her anger. "But take my advice Mr. Roger Elwood; don't appear in court against my son; don't screw him to be sent to prison and ruined for life. He'll be better in his future, I promise you. Just shut a little money to a very unfortunate young man, and receive the charge against him—and you can do it if you mean to."

"I don't mean any punishment to the full extent of the law, Sarah Barton," Mr. Elwood answered. "He entered my house by night with the intent of stealing, and I shall see to it that he has justice dealt to him. Whether he will be placed on his trial, and his sentence will be a heavy one, I can assure you."

"Won't nothing move you to have mercy on my son?" cried the woman, as she ground her teeth together and rocked her body to and fro. "Is this your last answer?"

"It is," was Mr. Elwood's cold reply. "Now stand aside and allow me to pass."

Sarah Barton uttered a fierce oath as she sprang towards the man and grasped his arm. Her eyes were blazing like coals of fire, and her thin face was pale with excitement.

"Many curses black and heavy fall upon you, you heartless fiend!" she hissed. "I'st your foe from this hour, Roger Elwood, and you'll yet learn what a foe you've made. The Bartons are a revengeful family; they are true and loyal to their friends and bitter to their foes. I number you among the latter class."

Mr. Elwood tried to force himself onward to release her grasp upon his arm, but he was powerless to shake her off.

"Take your hand off my arm, you impudent beggar!" he exclaimed, slightly clutching his cane, and trembling with rage. "Obey me this instant, or I will strike you to my feet!"

"I'll bring woe and misery to your home, Roger Elwood!" she cried, fiercely. "Nothing so loud to the man's command. "I'll work my vengeance upon you, and you'll soon know what real heart-suffering is. You refused to pardon my son; you will soon learn how pitiless I can be."

Mr. Roger Elwood could contain himself no longer.

He raised his heavy cane and brought it down upon the woman's shoulders with great force.

She immediately released the man's arm and glared at him like a wild creature bereft of reason.

Mr. Elwood turned and walked onward up the shady lane.

"I'll not forget you!" cried Sarah Barton, as she shook her clenched fist above her head. "I've an excellent memory!"

"Sarah Barton is a poor lunatic," Mr. Elwood muttered aloud to himself, as he walked homeward. "I laugh at her threats."

The next morning a wild excitement had seized upon the inmates of the Elwood mansion, and the greatest confusion reigned.

The jewel of the family, little Alice Elwood, aged nine years, and Roger Elwood's only child, was missing; she had been stolen from the mansion during the night. Search had been made for her, but, thus far, without avail.

Roger Elwood was well-nigh frantic with grief. He paced the vast hall of his residence and refused to be comforted. He was certain that Sarah Barton, out of revenge, had stolen his precious child.

She had threatened to bring woe and misery upon his house, and she had kept her word.

* * * * * * *

Dick Leslie arose early that balmy Summer morning, and dressing himself, he left the cottage, intending his grandfather should rest.

"I'll take the short cut across Barker's Wood," the lad said to himself, as he walked down the road, "and I'll reach the clergyman's house in about half an hour. The clergyman is a kind hearted man, and perhaps he will help grandfather, and keep a roof above his dear old head for a little while longer."

Baker's Wood was not far distant, and Dick Leslie hurried along the narrow path.

A few moments later and the lad was in the centre of the silent wood.

Suddenly he started—a wild, strange laugh had reached his ears.

He hurried forward towards a dense growth of bushes, and pushed them aside.

A woman, whose appearance filled him with a long cry and uttered a fierce oath, for Dick Leslie had started towards her and hurled her back.

Sarah Barton—for she it was—rushed at the lad with her clenched staff, and her face was flaming in her eyes. But Dick grasped the staff in good time, and hurled it among the bushes, and before the woman could prevent him, he had raised the unconscious form of little Alice Elwood in his arms, determined to save her at the cost of his very life.

"You shan't rob me of my revenge!" shrieked the woman, "I'll tear the child to pieces before your very eyes!"

"You will have to kill me first," cried Dick, as he pressed the limp form of Alice closer to his breast. "I will save little Alice from your clutches in spite of you."

As he spoke Dick Leslie darted away with his helpless burden, and almost immediately vanished from the sight of Sarah Barton. Shrieking, the enraged woman followed in hot pursuit, but before she had run far she tripped upon a tree-stump and fell forward upon the ground, where she lay for a few minutes in a dazed condition. Her forehead had struck against a sharp pointed stone, and she sank at once into a state of insensibility.

Lastly reached the Elwood mansion, with little Alice safe in his arms, and there, in the presence of an overjoyed family, he related his story, and the girl regained consciousness soon after.

"Dick Leslie," said Mr. Elwood, as he caught the blushing lad's hand in his warm grasp, and shook it heartily, "Dick Leslie, I will not forget your service."

And he kept his promise, for before noon that day the little cottage was legally presented to old John Wilmot, and Dick was immediately placed in the office of Mr. Elwood, in Oakdale.

Sarah Barton was captured a few days later in Barker's Wood, a raving maniac. Many years have passed since that eventful day, and Mr. Elwood and old John Wilmot sleep beneath the sod in Oakdale churchyard.

Richard Leslie is a rich and respected man now, and she who was once known as Alice Elwood is his wife, and the mother of his children.

—————

Opposition to Potatoes.

The Lisbon correspondent says: "Archdeacon Dasmon, on the occasion of his twenty-first harvest home, made the other day a speech on the food and drink questions. There were some 400 persons at this festival—to the 24 pounds and a cheese weighing 90 lbs. example —but nothing quite so odd as what the Archdeacon said" said the Dublin Evening Mail. He fiercely fell foul of the potato, and ruled it as if it were no better than a Low Church Bishop. He called it 'the root of all evil,' and by plant should notable as long as he lived. To do us was simply ridiculous. Then he declared that the potato had the more time planted. That father the most would they poison the ground, until it stank in the neighborhood. He was glad to see instead of potatoes peas, beans, and cabbage, which were sufficient to dinner. And did not go with Cobbett in preferring beer, which made people's faces red, but he recorded himself as one of those who, in the interests of temperance and economy, and water, flavored with a little gold. We do not mind his fun, but he is a powerful man in Limerick, and it is a little too bad to the Archdeacon, and highly to the credit of the Church's friends.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

CATEGORY OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS — REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES ELLIS.

"To primus homicida est propria
Vert inquisitio atque investigatio

"The searching out and accurate investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

CICERO.

I.

LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED.

When XERXES was conquered by the Greeks, he retreated by the same road that had led Mardonius to finish the war. That commander was also unfortunate, and returning, like his master, he was convinced that he had buried a large sum of gold and silver in his tent, and a Grecian named PORYCRITUS having obtained intelligence of the enormous wealth, purchased the whole field upon which the camp was placed. After digging a long time without success, he inquired the reason of Mardonius, to ask the advice of Apollo as to how he should find the treasure. The Oracle responded—"nemem more lapidem," (leave every stone), as I have also been followed by Polycrates, he at last obtained the treasure for his pains. Hence, to insure success in any arduous undertaking, we are also advised to "Leave no stone unturned."

LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

It was formerly the trick of a countryman in substitute a cat for a sucking pig, and bring poor pork to market for a bargain. A discovery of the cheat gave rise to the expression "letting the cat out of the bag," or causing premature disclosure. Buying a pig in a poke, is the same nature.

LIBERTY CAP—ORIGIN OF.

See wreathes and instance.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY.

The old SAXON phrase from which this is derived was "*Lock apel tet*," meaning one who was fond of a feast day of this appellation. The custom has existed for some time unused. Lick spit has also the meaning of glutton; as one who would not only eat what had been dressed on the spit, but lick the spit afterwards.

LIMB.

"Limbus patrum," as it is called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighborhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and these dwelt until the time of our Saviour's resurrection.

It is applied to any place of confinement and restraint.

Huldbras says:

"In the west
To find the Knight in limbo pent."

Thompson, in his Castle of Indolence, speaks of

"A ghost from the limbo lake."

Observer No. 86, speaks of some unhappy wight, who endeavors to find out some means of getting himself comfortably

"Out of the dismal limbo he was in."

Milton, Paradise Lost, tells us of—

"A limbo large and broad."

LINEN.

The manufacture of linen may be referred to a higher antiquity than that of cotton. Cruden has collected more than twenty allusions to it from the Sacred Scriptures, which prove it to be a manufacture of very high antiquity. A few may be quoted here. For instance, Deut. xxii, 11, "Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woolen and linen together." Lev. xix. 19, "Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woolen come upon thee." Prov. xxxi 24, "She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant." Isa. xix. 9, "Moreover they that work in fine flax, and they that weave networks, shall be confounded." 1 Sam. ii. 18, "Samuel ministered before the Lord, girded with a linen ephod." 1 Kings x. 28, "Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt, and linen yarn."

The linen in which the mummies are wrapped round the mummies of Egypt are generally made of linen. Linen was, in fact, the clothing material of that industrious nation; it was held in such high esteem as to be used as a raiment by royalty, and diligently manufactured by the neighboring nations. The Jews, Greeks, and Romans probably derived their knowledge of the linen manufacture originally from the Egyptians, and it was long after the time of Roman emperor who wore linen; but the use of it did not become common until long after his time.

From the time of the Romans to the present the linen manufacture extended in various parts of Europe, but it appears to have been in the British Isles that it has attained its greatest. It is supposed to have been carried on uninterruptedly since the time when the Romans conquered Britain; and has ever since formed an important part of the British manufactures, particularly in Ireland and Scotland. Irish linens have hitherto maintained a certain degree of preeminence in the market. Within the last few years, the linen manufacture at Dundee, in Scotland, has advanced with surprising rapidity, and which have distinguished the cotton manufacture at Manchester, while in and around Barnsley, in Yorkshire, extensive, perhaps, to that of the very large flax mills at Leeds, a considerable linen trade has sprung up.

The Jews, Greeks and Romans probably derived their knowledge of the linen manufacture originally from the Egyptians, and it was long after the time of Roman emperor who wore linen; but the use of it did not become common until long after his time.

From the time of the Romans to the present the linen manufacture extended in various parts of Europe, but it appears to have been in the British Isles that it has attained its greatest. It is supposed to have been carried on uninterruptedly since the time when the Romans conquered Britain; and has ever since formed an important part of the British manufactures, particularly in Ireland and Scotland. Irish linens have hitherto maintained a certain degree of preeminence in the market. Within the last few years, the linen manufacture at Dundee, in Scotland, has advanced with surprising rapidity, and which have distinguished the cotton manufacture at Manchester, while in and around Barnsley, in Yorkshire, extensive, perhaps, to that of the very large flax mills at Leeds, a considerable linen trade has sprung up.

LOAFER—ORIGIN OF—DERIVATION OF

"The speech was more Linney Woodley stuff." The scene of this will be better understood when we come to give the derivation of the word loafer. It is "Linnes hie—woden hie," viz: Flax is here—wool is here—a stuff composed of both materials and so neither fish nor flesh, but another one thing nor the other.

LION AND THE UNICORN.

The lion is the supporter of the English arms, and the unicorn of the Scotch arms. The two were united at the union of the two crowns of England, and support the arms of Britain—not of England. The unicorn is a fabulous animal; but Heraldry does not mind that.

"The lion king, the elephant,
The maiden unicorne was there."

—SPENSER.

LOAFER.

As this word has become a part of our language, and will hold a conspicuous place among the L's in the next dictionary, the following as our notion of the origin and derivation will be interesting to our readers:

The word loafer was first used in its application to a class in the days of CROMWELL. The celebration of an event in the life of one of its most popular citizens, collected together a number of poor people, to each of whom was given a loaf of bread. As is the custom became known, hundreds used to flock to the place for the purpose of participating in the hospitality of the giver. The inhabitants called all those who came as it were expressly for that purpose loafers.

We give the article entire, in allusion to distributing the loaf.

This custom originated many years ago, from the circumstance of a poor and destitute weaver, passing through the town of Devizes, and being overtaken by a violent storm, he was compelled to seek shelter in a baker, who kindly relieved him with the gift of a penny loaf. The weaver thus relieved was enabled to reach Cottenham, where after many years of successful industry, he became a man of considerable wealth, and by his will he remembered the poor of the Devizes' baker, for he bequeathed a sum in trust for the purpose of distributing, on the anniversary of his death, a penny loaf to every person in the town, and to every person in the town, and to every person in the town, and